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No. 199
June '78
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NUMBER 199 JUNE 1978

MAD

"A successful man is a clod just like you who worked harder!"
. . —Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—June, 1978, Volume 1, No. 199. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscription: In U.S.A., 15 issues $9.00. Outside U.S.A., 15 issues $10.00. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1978 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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LETTERS DEPT.

THE WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES OF 1977

Hoorah! for MAD on "The White House Follies Of '77." I live in the South and stand behind President Carter 100%, but it was funny anyway. Susan Parry
Raleigh, N.C.

"MAD Musicals," such as your greatest Jacobs-Drucker score, "White House Follies Of 1977," add another dimension to MAD reading; mainly, trying to stay in tune while laughing! Robert Cyruli
Teaneck, N.J.

"The White House Follies Of 1977" has made me think about giving up my subscription to Time and subscribe to MAD instead. After all, where else can I sing about the Washington news?
Richard M. Hybner
St. Michael's College
Winooski, Vermont

The "Carter Follies" was hilariously silly, but not as much as the real Carter Administration. Byron Walden
Frankfort, Ky.

CAUSE CELEBRE

How come you mock movie stars, TV producers, doctors, and the President's Cabinet? Jeff Sabo
Buffalo, N.Y.

Because our readers wouldn't know who we're talking about if we mocked ordinary clods... like you!—Ed.

DON MARTIN STICKS BY HIS GUNS

Don Martin is consistently inaccurate whenever he draws a South American firing squad sequence. We don't use those old guns and uniforms any more. We import them, brand new, from the U.S.A.
Néstor Otazo
La Paz, Bolivia
South America

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"IN SEARCH OF..." MOVIE

"In Search Of..." was the masterpiece of the issue. Lou Silverstone's script was excellent and even Davis's amazing "third gear drawing" accentuated the slap-dash way those rip-off films are made.
Timothy O. Lane
Baldwin Park, Calif.

"Big Tush" is alive and teaching English in my school!
D. M. (name withheld)
Silver Spring, Md.

I suppose now Leonard Nimoy will be "In Search Of..." another job!
David Schmidt
Hockessin, Del.

"Big Tush" is the living end!
J. Justin Kramer
Dryden, Mich.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF AIR

I don't mean to get technical with something meant to be humorous, but Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Air" has a fellow washing his face and complaining about a lack of paper towels. The nozzle on most air dryers I've seen can be turned up to aim air at the face.
Frank A. Mazurek
Ithaca, N.Y.

Nozzletov!—Ed.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THINGS THAT NEED INSTRUCTIONS

You have created articles that, without a doubt, belong in the MAD Hall of Fame. "Instructions For Things That Need Instructions," by Tom Koch and Bob Clarke, is another deserving entry to that "shrine"! Roseann Brown
Chicago, Ill.

I laughed out loud when I read your "Instructions..." article. The one about the Zenitz TV was so true! We bought a Z over three years ago, and it's called a "portable," but two grown men got hernias trying to lift it! Barbara Lee
Bakersfield, Calif.

I needed instructions to read, "Instructions For Things That Need Instructions"!
Kathy Weisner
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

You forgot to include "Instructions..." for obtaining best results from reading MAD. David L. Klees
Newton Centre, Mass.

A MAD LOOK AT "STAR WARS"

I like it when Aragonés does a follow-up on a big movie you've already treated in a previous issue. It's like popping a fresh piece of gum into the wad!
Laurie Pevey
Houston, Texas

Sergio Aragonés's segue from bar scene to water closet, in "A MAD Look At Star Wars," was beguiling comic "relief"!
Lukas Jaeger
Brooklyn, N.Y.

ROMANCE-LOVE-RELATIONSHIP BOOK

I'd like to add my own observation to "MAD's 'Romance-Love-Relationship' Book," by Coker and Jacobs. It's *Romance* when you take her to a fancy restaurant. It's *Love* when you tell her that money is no object. It's a *Relationship* when you give her the check. Mike Schofield
Bethlehem, N.J.

LITTLE HOUSE OH, SO DREARY

"Little House Oh, So Dreary" might give a false impression about the TV show it's based on. After the lively wake-up job De Bartolo and Torres did on it, new viewers are liable to expect something funny and engaging in the tube version, too! Ralph Pizza
Lake Ronkonkoma, N.Y.

Your "Little House Oh, So Dreary" really took me back to those "frontier days" and made me grateful I wasn't around then! David Lippman
Ellenville, N.Y.

I can't believe it! Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres made it through "Little House On The Prairie" without once referring to Michael Landon as "Little Joe." Such satirical discipline!
Stephen Rowe
Staten Island, N.Y.

THE NECESSITY OF JAFFEE'S INVENTIONS

Al Jaffee is my very favorite artist and writer of all time. He excels in his works of *inventions* and *gadgets*. I especially enjoyed his ingenuity in his "MAD Book Of Magic." Please force him to put out an original paperback of inventions.
Cheryl Komenaka
Honolulu, Hawaii

No sooner said than done, Cheryl! Just cast your eyes to the ad at the right!—Ed.

"RAPUNZEL" BY DON MARTIN

I read Don Martin's equine "Rapunzel" on your back cover. A truly revolting case of mistaken identity! You have to say this though, it's a good way to stop the habit of licking your lips! Jim Owens
Bellevue, Nebr.

The second frame of "Rapunzel" makes it difficult to suppose (because of the small size of the tower) that it was even physically possible for the horse to turn around 180°, enabling it to stick its head out the window as shown in the fourth frame. Please be so kind as to inform me if I was your only reader to so interpret this cartoon. Thomas Vondracek
Ottsville, Pa.

No, two horses also wrote in!—Ed.

It was great horseplay and gave me a real horselaugh! DeAnne Kay
Franklin Lakes,
New Jersey

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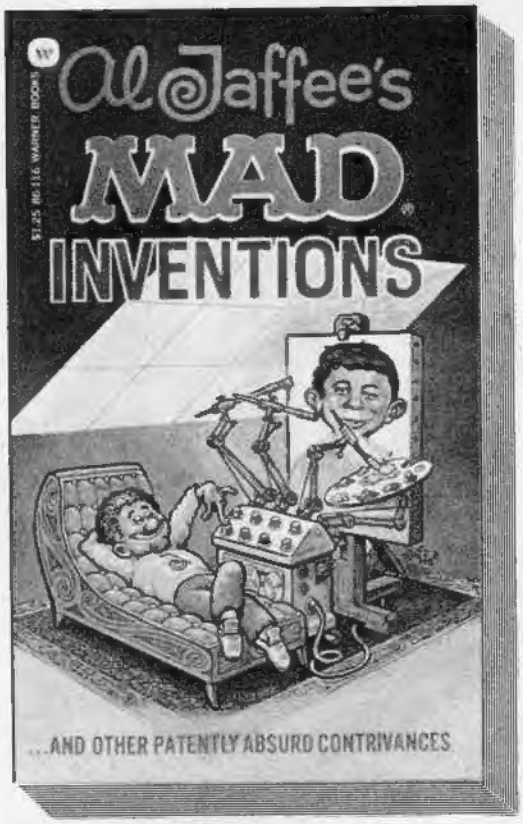

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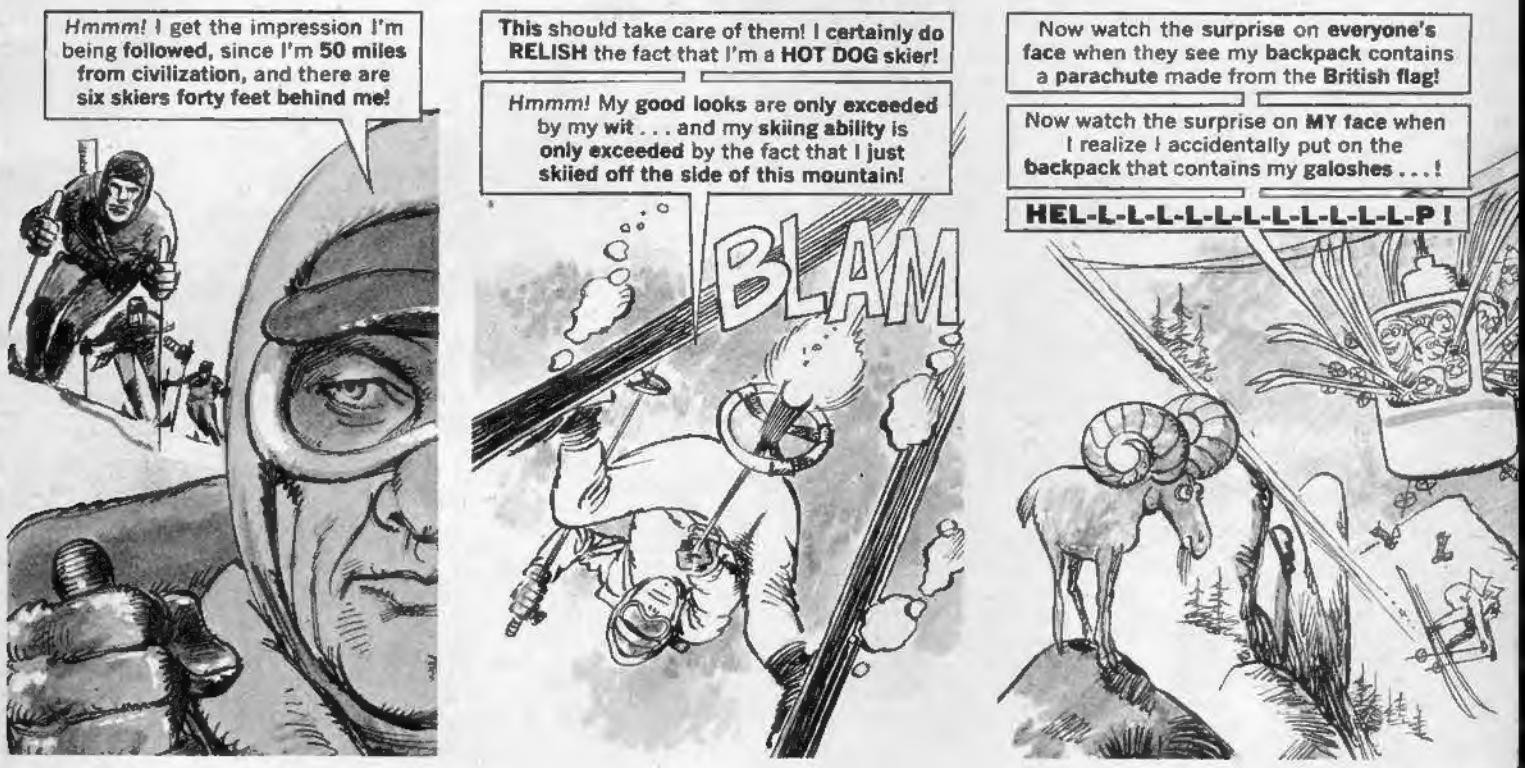
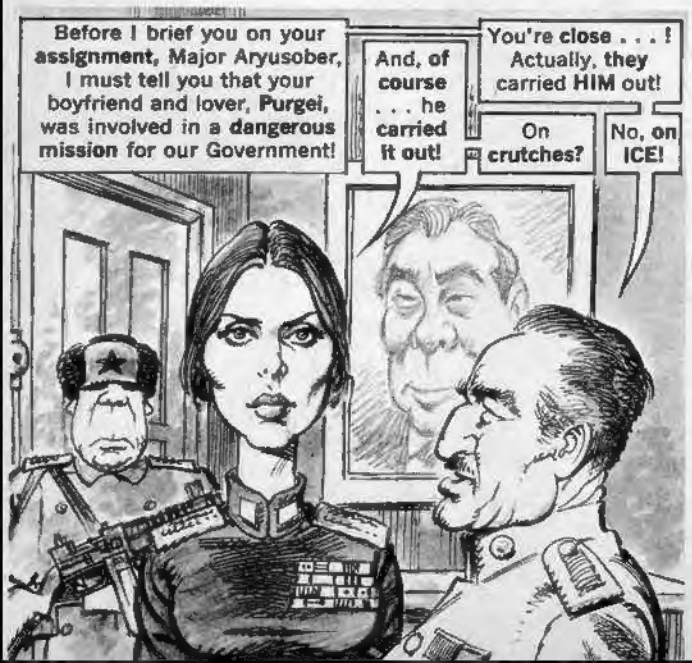
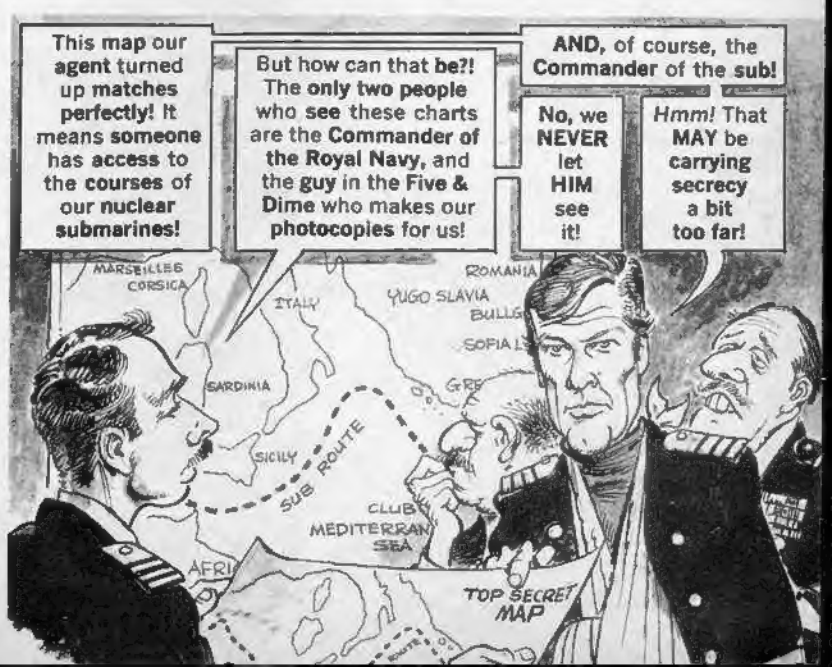
YOUR LOCAL MOVIE THEATER, AN UNDERWATER SPECTACULAR WHICH WE CALL...

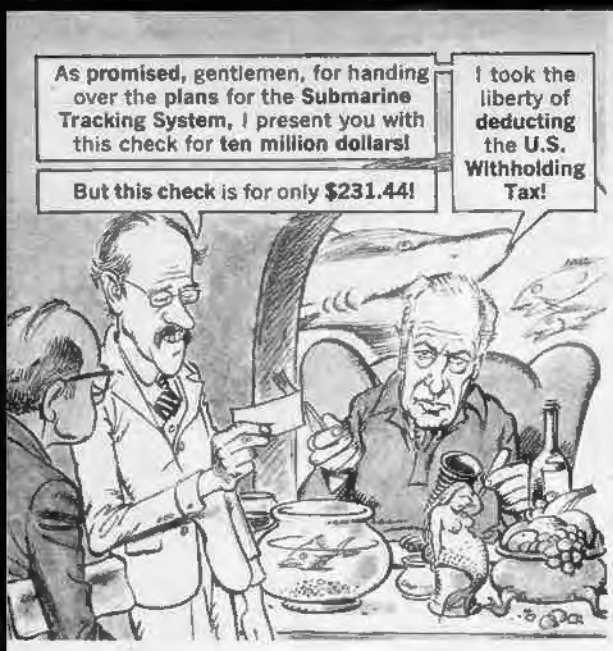
THE SPY WHO GLUBBED ME

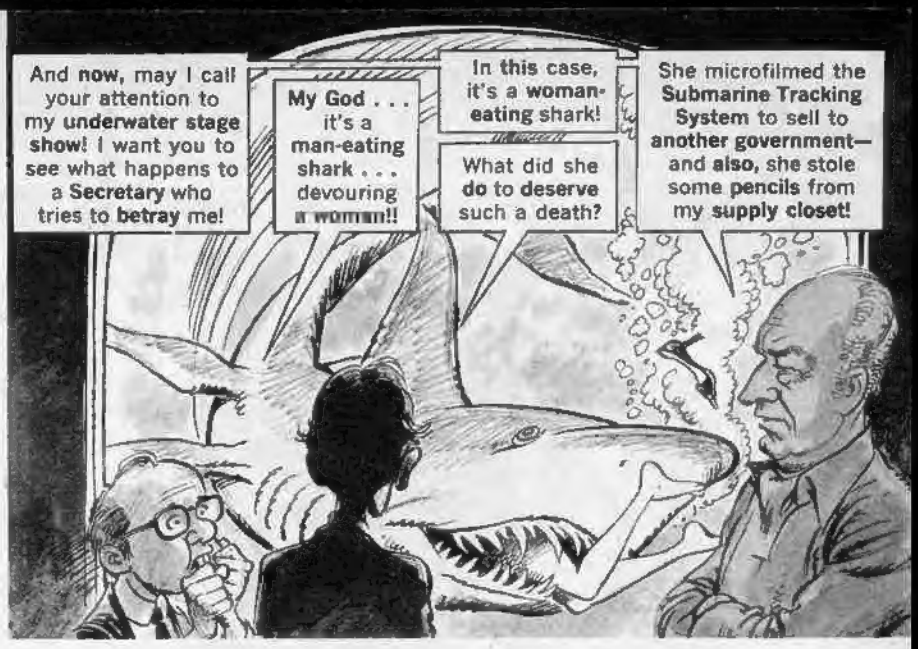
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

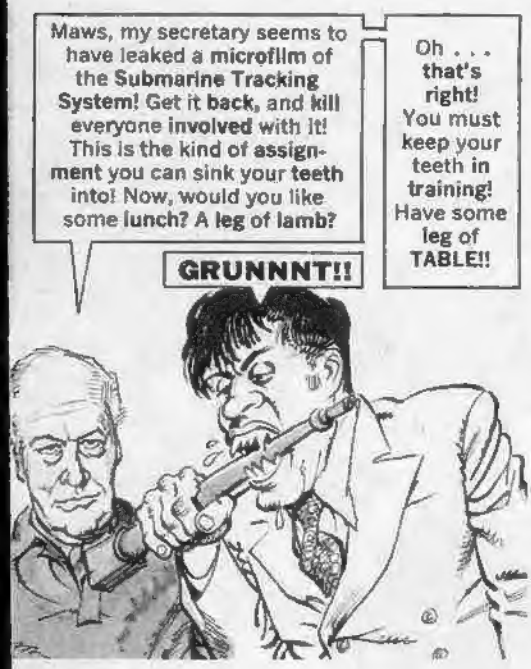




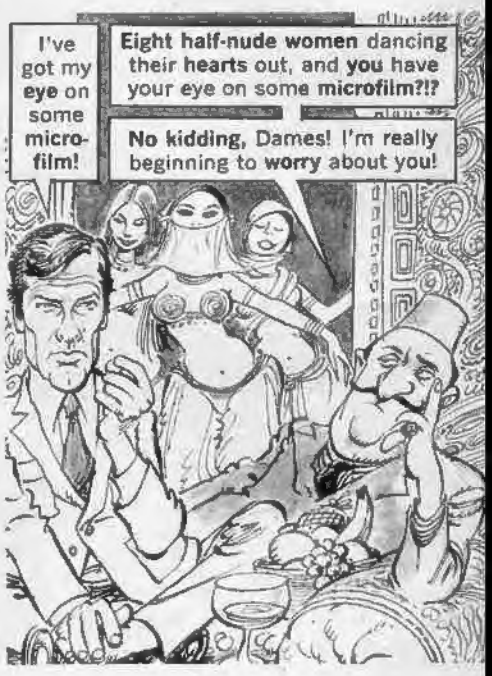


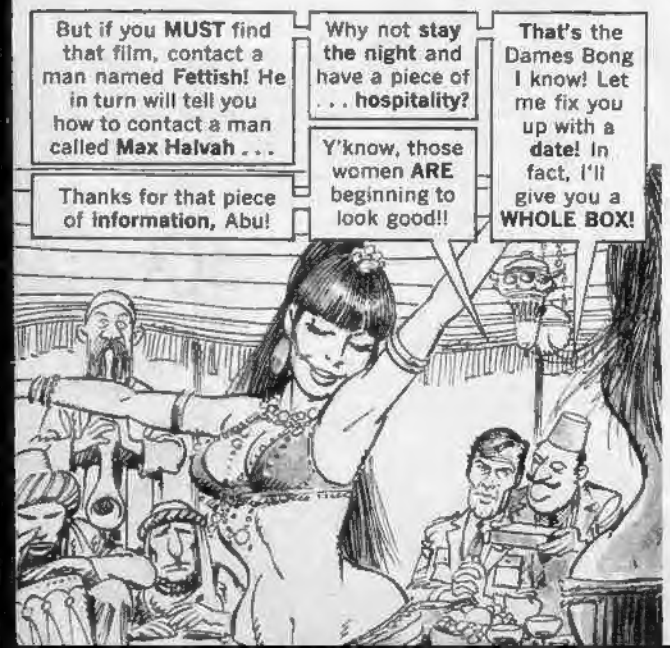

As promised, gentlemen, for handing over the plans for the Submarine Tracking System, I present you with this check for ten million dollars!
But this check is for only $231.44!
I took the liberty of deducting the U.S. Withholding Tax!

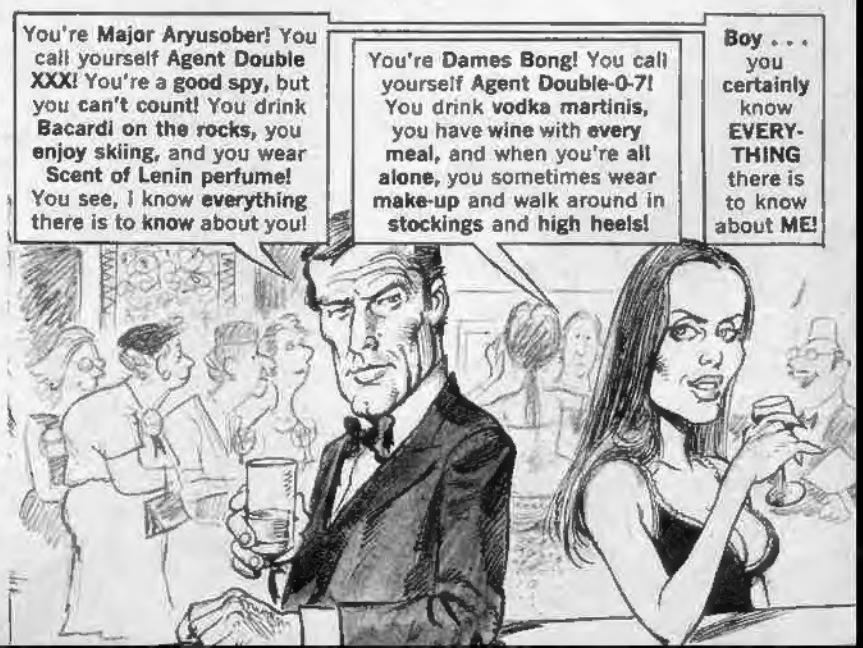

And now, may I call your attention to my underwater stage show! I want you to see what happens to a Secretary who tries to betray me!
My God . . . it's a man-eating shark . . . devouring a woman!!
In this case, it's a woman-eating shark!
What did she do to deserve such a death?
She microfilmed the Submarine Tracking System to sell to another government—and also, she stole some pencils from my supply closet!

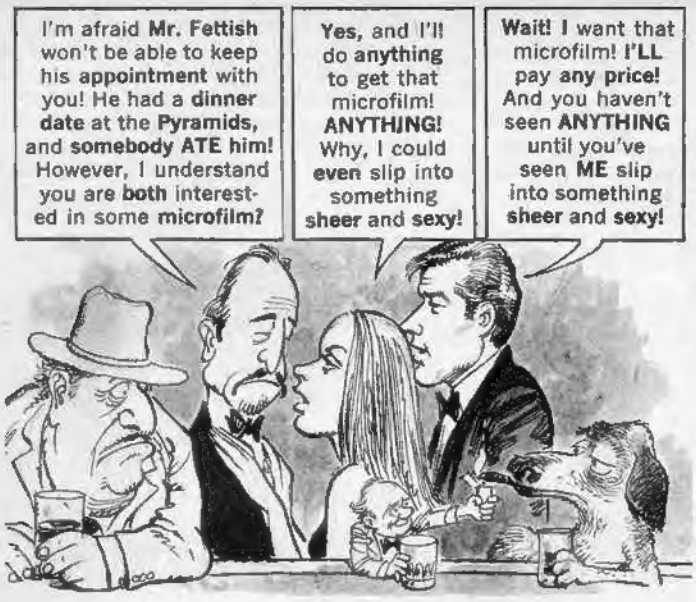

Maws, my secretary seems to have leaked a microfilm of the Submarine Tracking System! Get it back, and kill everyone involved with it! This is the kind of assignment you can sink your teeth into! Now, would you like some lunch? A leg of lamb?
GRUNNNT!!
Oh . . . that's right! You must keep your teeth in training! Have some leg of TABLE!!

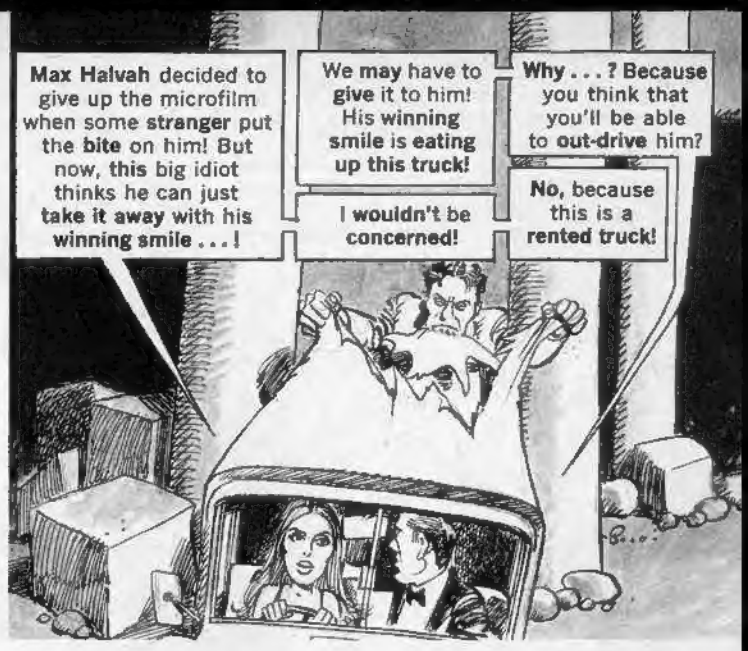
Before you go, Maws, I'd like you to see this . . . That helicopter blowing up contains the gentlemen who sold me the plans for the Submarine Tracking System!
GRUNNNNT!!
You're right! There IS too much violence on television!


I've got my eye on some microfilm!
Eight half-nude women dancing their hearts out, and you have your eye on some microfilm?!?
No kidding, Dames! I'm really beginning to worry about you!

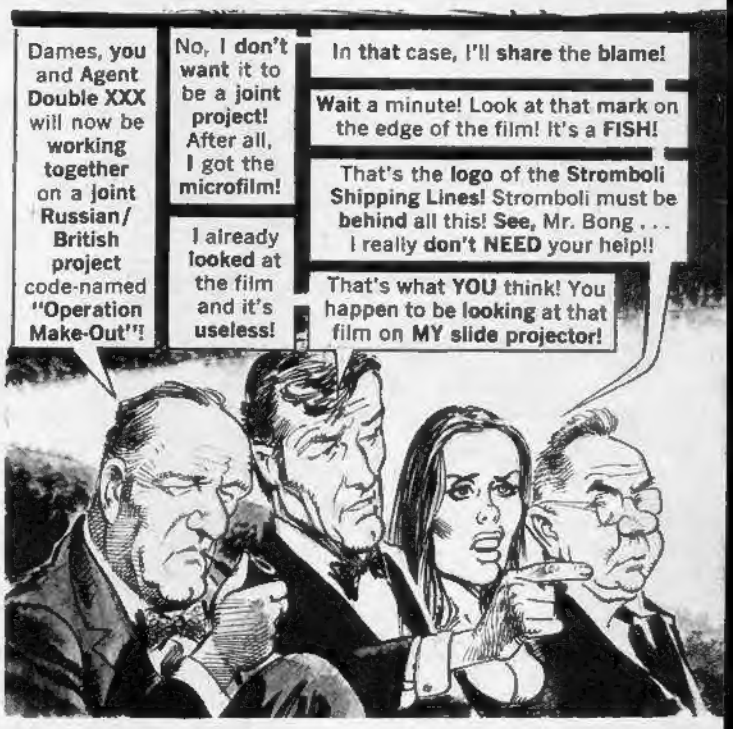

But if you MUST find that film, contact a man named Fettish! He in turn will tell you how to contact a man called Max Halvah . . .
Thanks for that piece of information, Abu!
Why not stay the night and have a piece of . . . hospitality?
Y'know, those women ARE beginning to look good!!
That's the Dames Bong I know! Let me fix you up with a date! In fact, I'll give you a WHOLE BOX!


You're Major Aryusober! You call yourself Agent Double XXX! You're a good spy, but you can't count! You drink Bacardi on the rocks, you enjoy skiing, and you wear Scent of Lenin perfume! You see, I know everything there is to know about you!
You're Dames Bong! You call yourself Agent Double-0-7! You drink vodka martinis, you have wine with every meal, and when you're all alone, you sometimes wear make-up and walk around in stockings and high heels!
Boy . . . you certainly know EVERYTHING there is to know about ME!

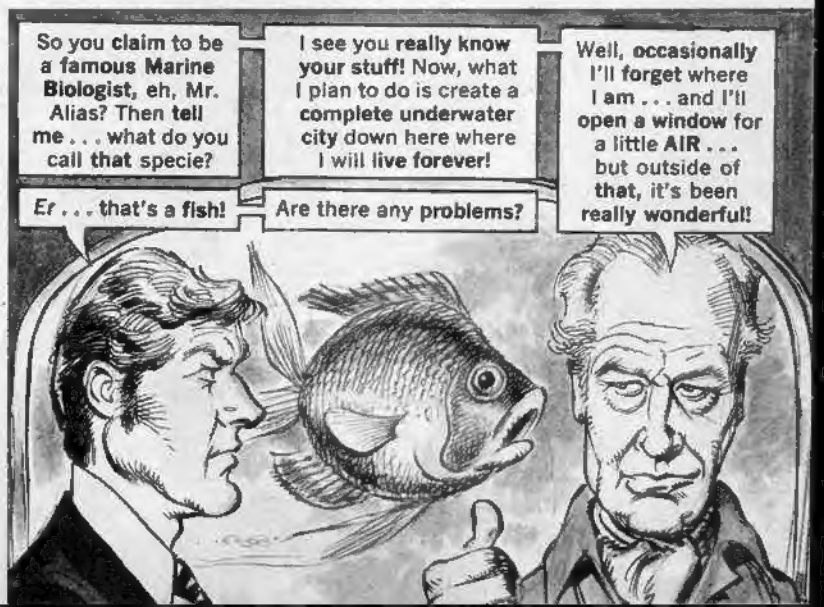

I'm afraid Mr. Fettish won't be able to keep his appointment with you! He had a dinner date at the Pyramids, and somebody ATE him! However, I understand you are both interested in some microfilm?
Yes, and I'll do anything to get that microfilm! ANYTHING! Why, I could even slip into something sheer and sexy!
Wait! I want that microfilm! I'LL pay any price! And you haven't seen ANYTHING until you've seen ME slip into something sheer and sexy!

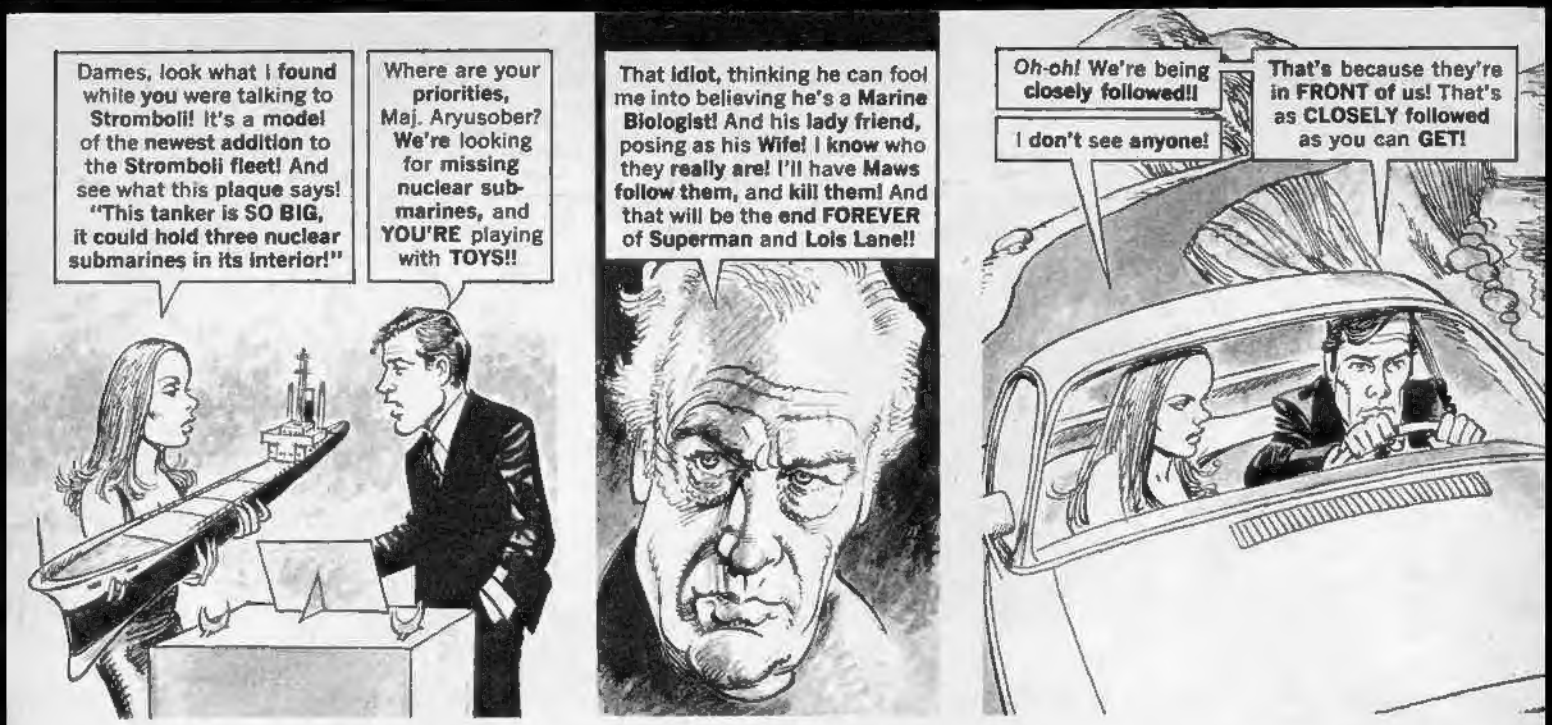

Max Halvah decided to give up the microfilm when some stranger put the bite on him! But now, this big idiot thinks he can just take it away with his winning smile . . . !
We may have to give it to him! His winning smile is eating up this truck!
I wouldn't be concerned!
Why . . . ? Because you think that you'll be able to out-drive him?
No, because this is a rented truck!

Well, we got away from Maws, but this boat is cold and damp! And it smells terrible!
Stop complaining and just be thankful we're in the FIRST CLASS section!
Here, have a cigarette!
The Surgeon General was right! Smoking CAN . . . be . . . hazardous . . . to your . . . health . . .

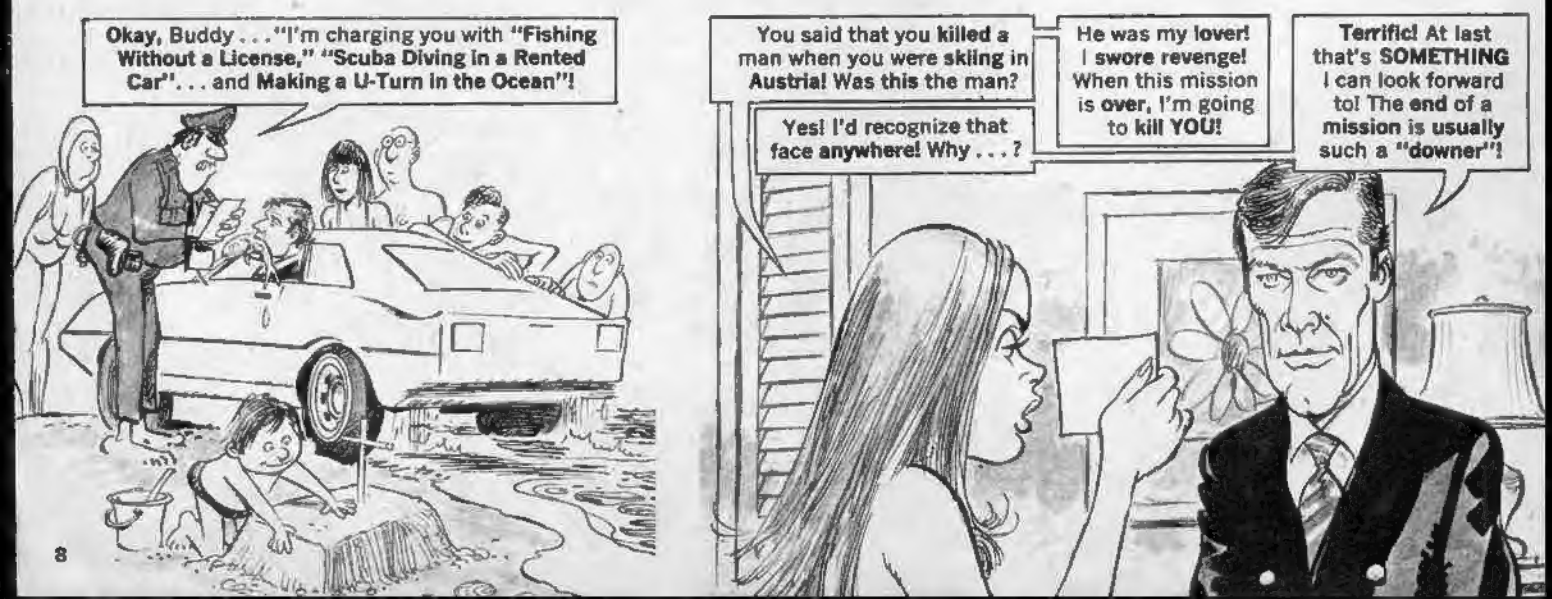

Dames, you and Agent Double XXX will now be working together on a joint Russian/British project code-named "Operation Make-Out"!
No, I don't want it to be a joint project! After all, I got the microfilm!
I already looked at the film and it's useless!
In that case, I'll share the blame!
Wait a minute! Look at that mark on the edge of the film! It's a FISH!
That's the logo of the Stromboli Shipping Lines! Stromboli must be behind all this! See, Mr. Bong . . . I really don't NEED your help!!
That's what YOU think! You happen to be looking at that film on MY slide projector!

Dames!! Help me!! This man is trying to bite my neck!!
Why, you dirty @#$%¢&+!
I bought her champagne!
If anybody gets to bite her neck, it will be me!
If you're THAT hungry, have a leg of LAMP!!


So you claim to be a famous Marine Biologist, eh, Mr. Alias? Then tell me . . . what do you call that specie?
I see you really know your stuff! Now, what I plan to do is create a complete underwater city down here where I will live forever!
Well, occasionally I'll forget where I am . . . and I'll open a window for a little AIR . . . but outside of that, it's been really wonderful!
Er . . . that's a fish!
Are there any problems?


Dames, look what I found while you were talking to Stromboli! It's a model of the newest addition to the Stromboli fleet! And see what this plaque says! "This tanker is SO BIG, it could hold three nuclear submarines in its interior!"
Where are your priorities, Maj. Aryusober? We're looking for missing nuclear submarines, and YOU'RE playing with TOYS!!
That idiot, thinking he can fool me into believing he's a Marine Biologist! And his lady friend, posing as his Wife! I know who they really are! I'll have Maws follow them, and kill them! And that will be the end FOREVER of Superman and Lois Lane!!
Oh-oh! We're being closely followed!!
I don't see anyone!
That's because they're in FRONT of us! That's as CLOSELY followed as you can GET!

What was that noise, Dames . . . ?
Well, that first explosion was a motorcycle side car rigged as an exploding missile, which I avoided! The second explosion was a car-full of hoods firing at us, which I also avoided!
Did you learn such incredible defensive driving at the Royal Spy Academy?
No . . . on the California freeways!
BLAM!
WHAM!
Now we're being followed by a helicopter, and—Watch that turn!
Are you CRAZY—driving this car into the water!?
Relax! Just open the glove compartment . . . and you'll find a complete set of Submarine Car Controls!
The only thing in here is this note . . . "Dear Dames, Your Submarine Car is still under construction! The car you're driving is a regular model! Maybe next time, you will pay more attention when we try to talk to you! Que!"
RAT-TAT-TAT!
SPLASH!


Okay, Buddy . . . "I'm charging you with "Fishing Without a License," "Scuba Diving in a Rented Car" . . . and Making a U-Turn in the Ocean"!
You said that you killed a man when you were skiing in Austria! Was this the man?
Yes! I'd recognize that face anywhere! Why . . . ?
He was my lover! I swore revenge! When this mission is over, I'm going to kill YOU!
Terrific! At last that's SOMETHING I can look forward to! The end of a mission is usually such a "downer"!

Closing in on target! Range . . . 4000 yards! All engines half . . . Hey! What's happening?! All the controls and gauges are going crazy!

Shall we abandon ship, Captain?

Absolutely not! You know the law of the sea!!

That a Captain goes down with his ship?!

Right! In this case, the Captain goes up with his submarine!

Commander, you and your men are inside my Supertanker, Licorice! You have exactly 30 seconds to come out, or we'll cover your submarine with mustard, and tell Maws it's a steel frankfurter!!

No . . . Don't!

We'll come out! Wait!

Please!

In just 20 minutes, two nuclear missiles will totally level New York and Moscow! And you know what that means!!

Yes! Finally, there'll be some parking spaces!

How much money do you want to stop this fiendish plan . . . ?

Money? MONEY?! You think I went through all this schtick for money?! I did it so the world can start all over again, new! Also, a man my age needs a few laughs!

And now, good-bye, Mr. Bong! And you, my dear Aryusober, will come with me to my bedroom . . .

Great! I need a few laughs, too!!

This is so unfair! I'm alone, and they number in the hundreds! I have no weapon, and they have automatic machine guns!

WAK!

So, since I have the ADVANTAGE, there's nothing left for me to do but ATTACK!

SOK!

Dames, you were just incredible! Single-handed, you wiped out 300 guards and freed us prisoners, and nothing happened to you!

Nothing happened to me, you say?! NOTHING?! Look at the wrinkles in my slacks! Why, the entire crease is gone!

How are we ever going to get into the Main Control Room where they're going to launch the deadly missiles from? The door is 8" solid steel with an atomic lock!

Easy! Got a BOBBY PIN?!?

Do you know what you're doing, Bong . . . blowing open that steel door with a nuclear warhead?!

Yes, Sir! At the Academy, I took a course in "Advanced Preposterousness" . . . which is exactly what this is!!

DANGER
EXPLOSIVE
DO NOT TOUCH
DO NOT FOLD, BEND
STAPLE OR MU

You did it! We're inside the control room! But, what if the missiles go off and hit their targets?

I doubt if the people in New York will even notice! And for the people in Moscow, it will be an "UP"!! But we best try to stop them anyway!

How can we divert two nuclear warheads so they do no damage and, at the same time, destroy the subs carrying them?

Perhaps this booklet I just found might help! It's called, "How To Divert Two Nuclear Warheads So They Do No Damage And, At The Same Time, Destroy The Subs Carrying Them"!

B-AM!

Wham! You did it, Dames! That was an incredible stroke of genius . . . and a complete stretch of the imagination!

FRANCE

SPAIN

ITALY

MOROCCO

MEDITERRA

Hello, Mr. Bong! Let me take a shot at why you are here! You came to rescue the Russian Agent, Aryusober!

Correct!

Now I'll take a shot at you!

Missed, Stromboli! You're finished! Now, not only am I going to kill you, I'm going to do something even more repulsive to you! I'm going to have you buried at land!

Oh, no! Not you again! Put me down, Maws! It's only 11 A.M.! Hasn't your dentist warned you about between-meal snacks? Do you want to ruin your teeth?!

Oh! Here's something I think you might be attracted to . . . !

And now, I'm going to drop you in with that shark! So long, sucker . . .

You haven't heard the last of me!

I wasn't talking to you! I was talking to the shark!!

You saved my life, Dames . . . and now, I'm going to kill you!

You Russians sure have a strange way of saying "Thank you"!

I was only kidding, Dames! I love you! I want to marry you!

Oh, a slow death, eh?

I wonder what they did to pass the time while they were drifting?

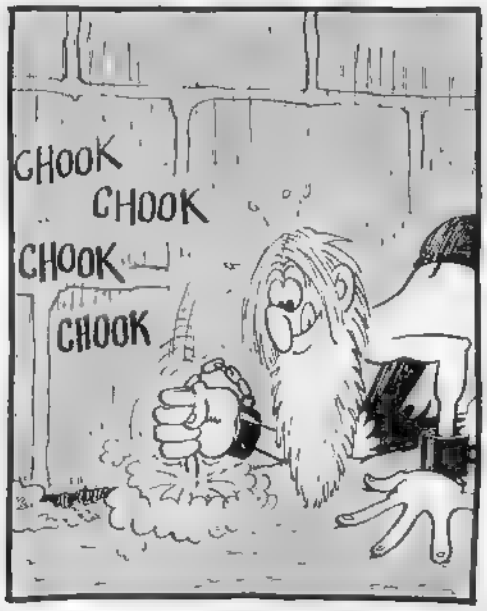
Listen! What's that strange sound?

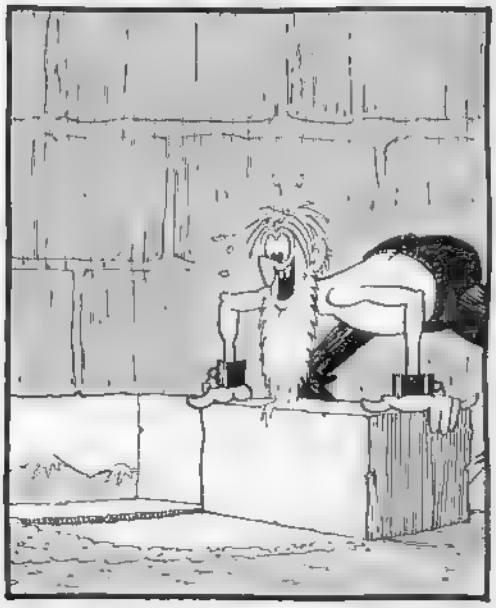
It's almost as if something were chewing up the bottom of the capsule! You know, Dames, it could be MAWS!

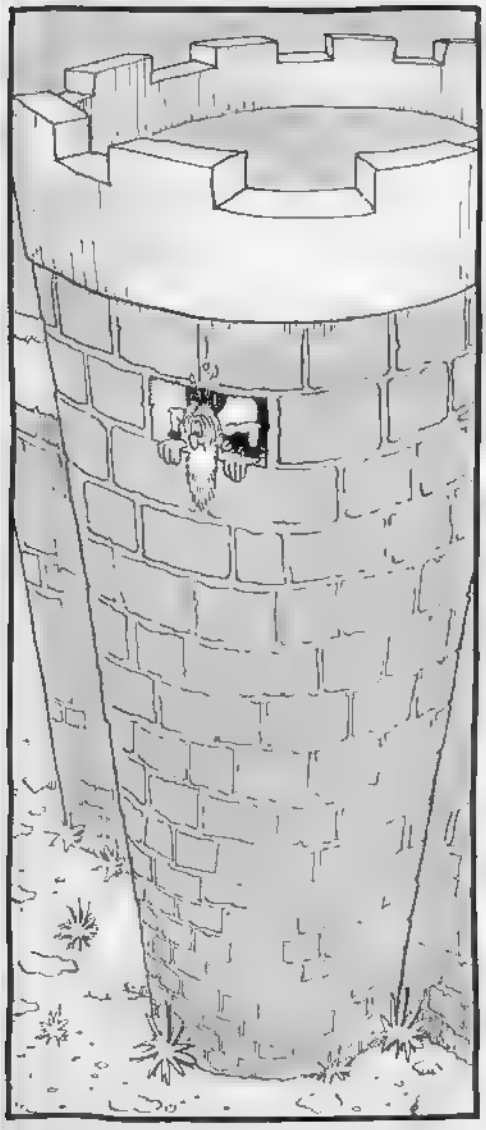
Or it could be Miss Pennymoney! She's THAT JEALOUS!

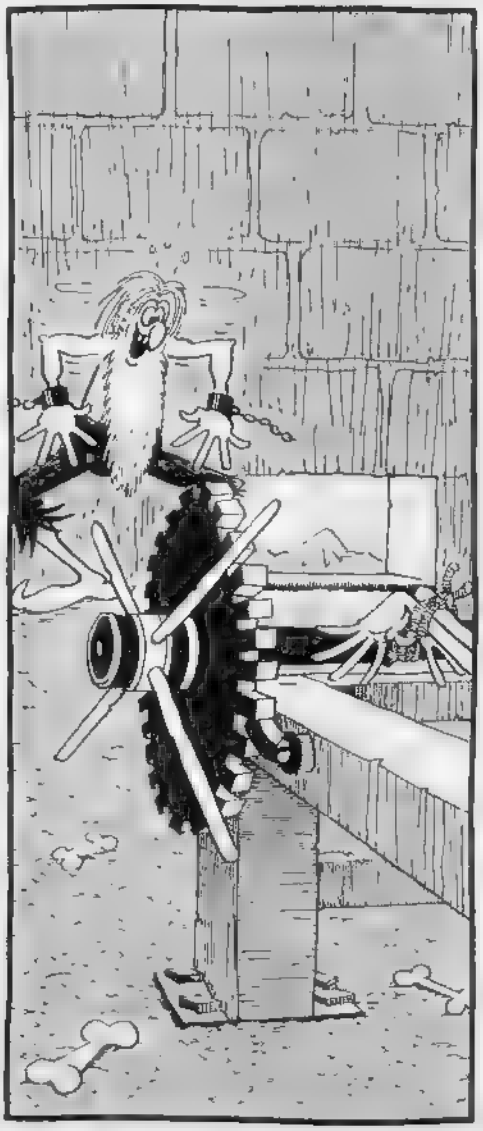
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

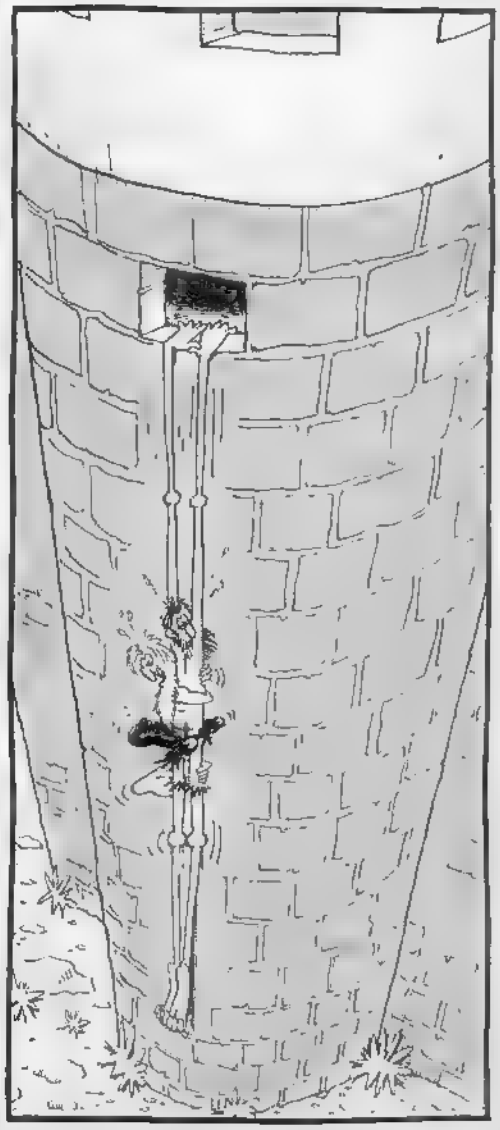
ONE MORNING IN A PRISON TOWER







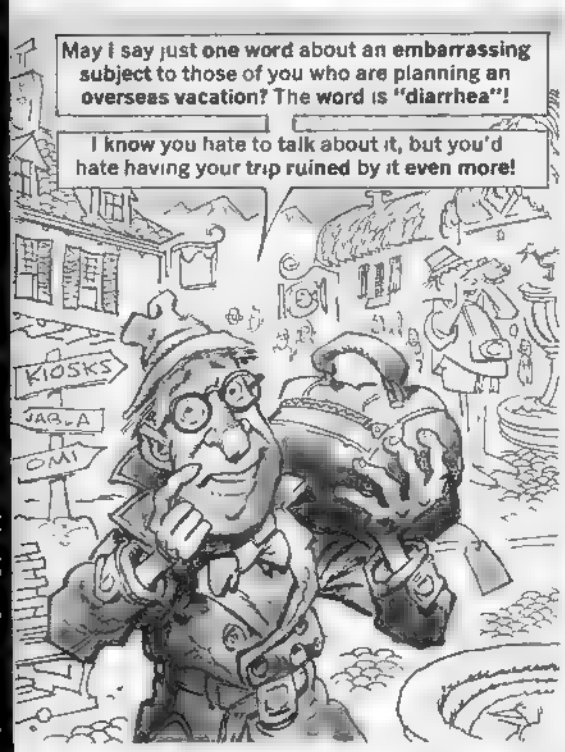


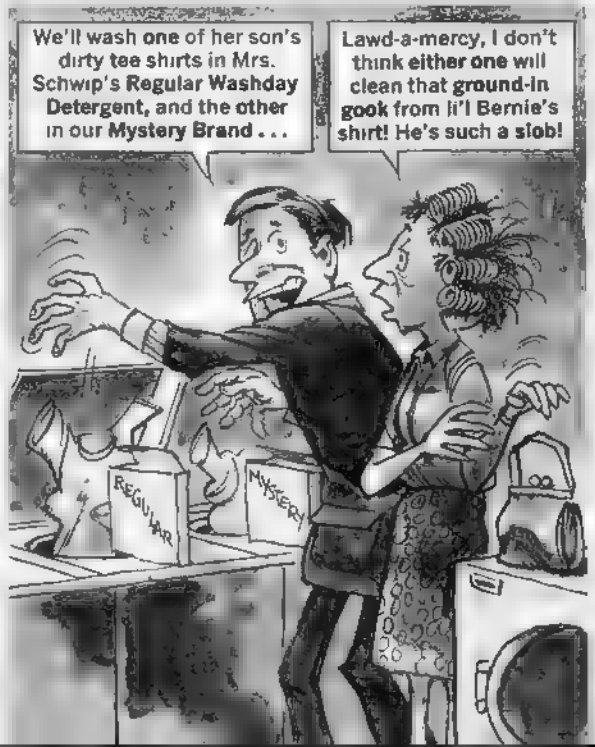


SWITCH PITCH DEPT.

SURP

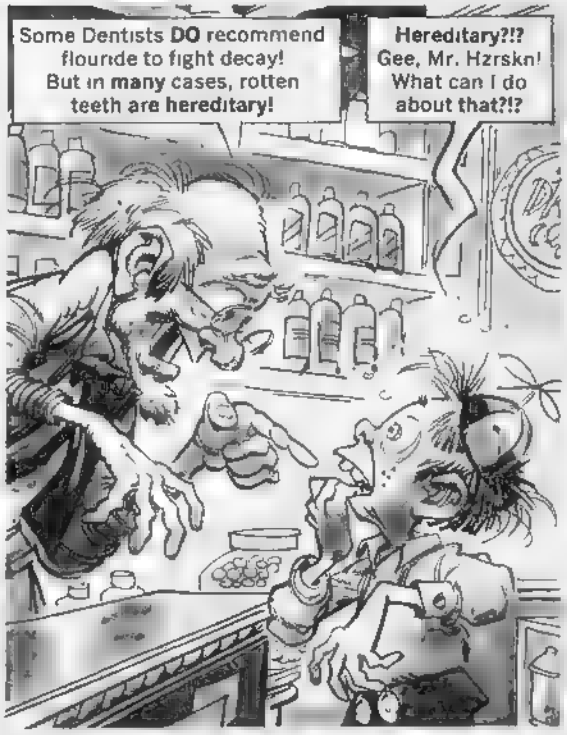
There are two things wrong with TV Commercials. They're stupid . . . and they're boring. The stupid part we can't do anything about because they're created by stupid people. The boring part is easy to fix. TV Commercials are boring because they're so utterly predictable. After watching for a few seconds, we know exactly what each one is going to say when it finally gets to the point. MAD, however, feels that TV Commercials really do not have to be dull and boring. Advertisers might do well to have us guessing rather than to have us asleep. And they can do that with

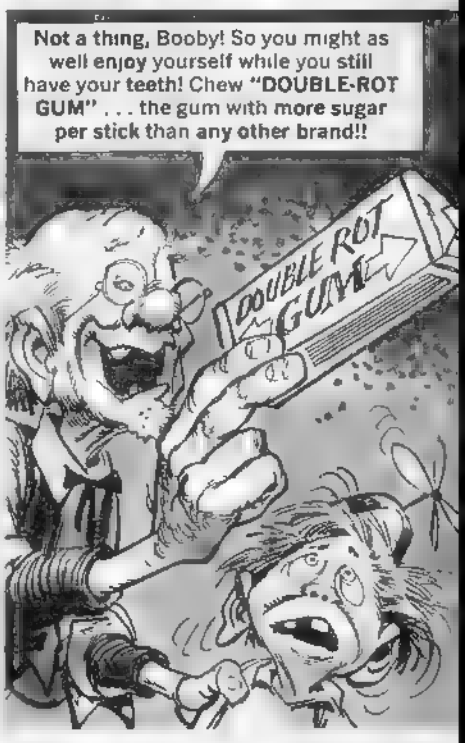


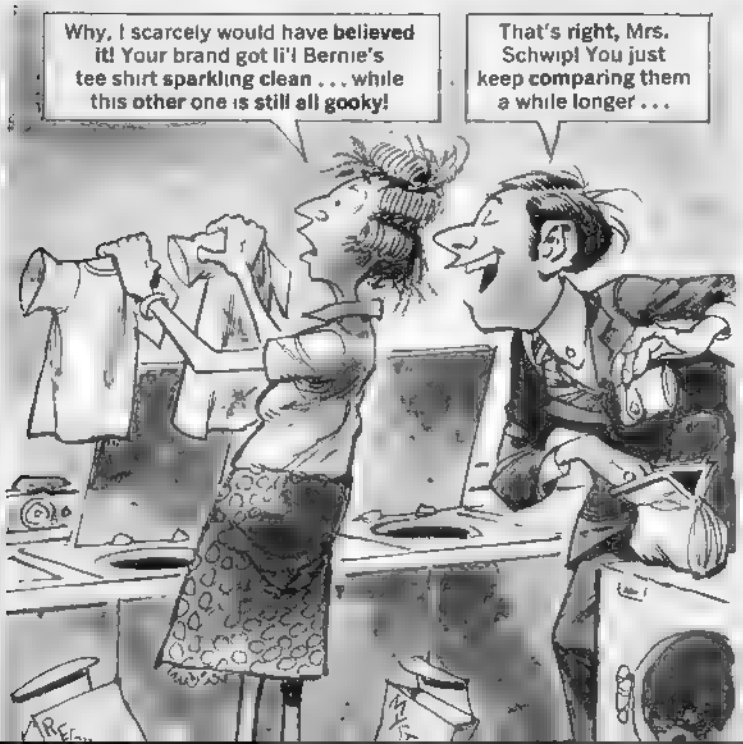


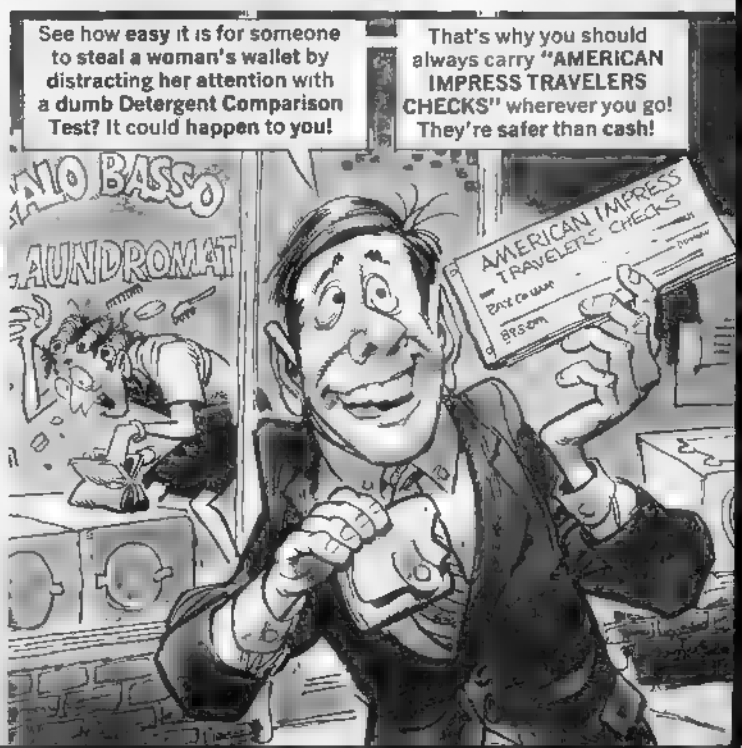
RISE TELEVISION COMMERCIALS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: TOM KOCH IDEA BY: DEZI SZONNTAGH









Hi! I'm **Mickey Spitoon**, the former **best-selling writer** of books that were filled with **sex** and **violence**! My books have less **impact** today because people get **plenty** of **sex** and **violence** on **TV** and in **movies**!

The public's taste in **other** things have changed, **too**! Take **beer**, for instance! The **newest** fad is "**Light Beer**" because it's **less filling**! About **fifty different brands** are available, and **I've tried 'em all**! **This evening**, as a matter of fact!

That's why I always stock up on genuine "**ALKA-SPRITZER**"! It's the nation's **leading hangover cure**! And after drinking **this much beer**, I'm gonna **need** it!!

ALKA-SPRITZER

A year ago, I wouldn't have dared to serve anything but **imported wine** when I lured a gorgeous chick up to my apartment! I lacked the **confidence** to serve what I **like** just because **I like it**! Now, all that has **changed**!

You see, I found something in a bottle that **lets me be my own man**, and still have the **confidence** to **invite any girl** up to my pad . . . **serve 'em wine** . . . and **make out**!

It's called "**CRETIN FORMULA 44**"! Just rubbing a little into my **hair** every day has gradually changed the **grey** to **black**, and **me** from **old** to **bold**! Thanks to "**CRETIN FORMULA 44**", the dolls **never guess** that I'm **74** . . . which is **73 years older** than the **cheap domestic wine** I serve 'em!

Cretin Formula 44

Look, Mommy! My panty-hose make my ankles look **all wrinkled and ugly** . . . just like **yours** look!!

I was **embarrassed** when little Lucretia said that during my formal tea for the Queen Mother of Roumania! And **worst of all**, I **wasn't wearing any panty-hose**!! What I **had** was **unsightly ankle skin**!!

A **Dermatologist** recommended "**LEGRIN MEDICATED CREAM**" to **shrivel up** my loose ankle flesh! So if **your** ugly ankles are caused by something worse than cheap panty-hose, try "**LEGRIN**"!

Such **smooth, sleek ankle skin**! I'm **crazy** for you, Kiddo . . .!!

LEGRIN MEDICATED CREAM

UP CHORES DEPT.

Once their children are on their own, more women than ever today are beginning to think in terms of new careers for themselves. But after 20 years or so of being Housewives and Mothers, what kind of qualifications and experience can women offer potential employers? Well, we'll tell you: Plenty! F'rinstance, this example of

A JOB RESUMÉ FOR AN AVERAGE HOUSEWIFE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL IDEA BY: MARY SARAZIN TIMMONS

Polly Drudge
123 Family Way
Surburbia, Ohio 12345
Telephone: 555-4321

CAREER OBJECTIVE

Vice-President and Comptroller of a medium-sized Midwestern textile firm.

ALTERNATE CAREER OBJECTIVE

Anything that'll get me out of the God-damn house!

EXPERIENCE

Title	Job Description
Systems Analyst and Waste Manager	For 10 years inspected and changed two smelly children who resisted toilet training (including seven years of advanced experience with particularly difficult third child).
Animal Husbandry Expert	For 19 years tolerated kinky demands in bed by uncivilized weirdo.
Market Research	Toured and checked hundreds of supermarkets in fruitless (and meatless) search for food priced to fit a family budget. (My family, not Jackie Onassis'!)
Plant Manager	Took care of, watered, fed, and talked to 27 plants over eight year period. Reason for resignation: 11 of the plants talked back.
Interior Decorator	Re-arranged furniture 27 times to conceal spots on carpet in family room where three kids grew up, and five dogs threw up.
Traffic Manager	Drove three kids to school, Scout meetings, parties, on dates, delivering newspapers, etc. (In fact they didn't learn to walk until they were 16; they didn't have to!)

Over

Title	Job Description
Labor Organizer	Woke up, helped dress, pacified, and gave smelling salts to woozy husband prior to hospital trips when expecting children.
Electrical Engineer	Vast experience in engineering varied men who read light meters into basement, and away from my bedroom.
Creative Arts Director	Rescued family cat 14 times from becoming part of wall-to-wall play dough splotched design motif. (Not as lucky with dog, who was glued to ceiling with epoxy!)
Television Repairs Expert	Constantly cared for and effectively treated my nauseous, queasy stomach after hours of undue exposure to moronic afternoon game shows and sickening soap operas.
Domestic Relations Counselor	19 years experience appeasing finicky maids by cleaning up messy house before they arrived, then cleaning up messy house after they got through cleaning out liquor cabinet.
Import-Export Manager	Bringing in food, taking out garbage, and threatening to eliminate middleman by feeding food additives and other wholesome poisons to family.

PERSONAL

Education:	College graduate; majored in Physics.
Value of Education In Current Life:	Have been giving physics to my family for years.
Health:	Strong as a horse; last physical, 1976, by Philip Armstrong, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine.
General Appearance:	Stooped, looped, and pooped.
Hobbies:	Yelling, nagging, and a lot of fainting.

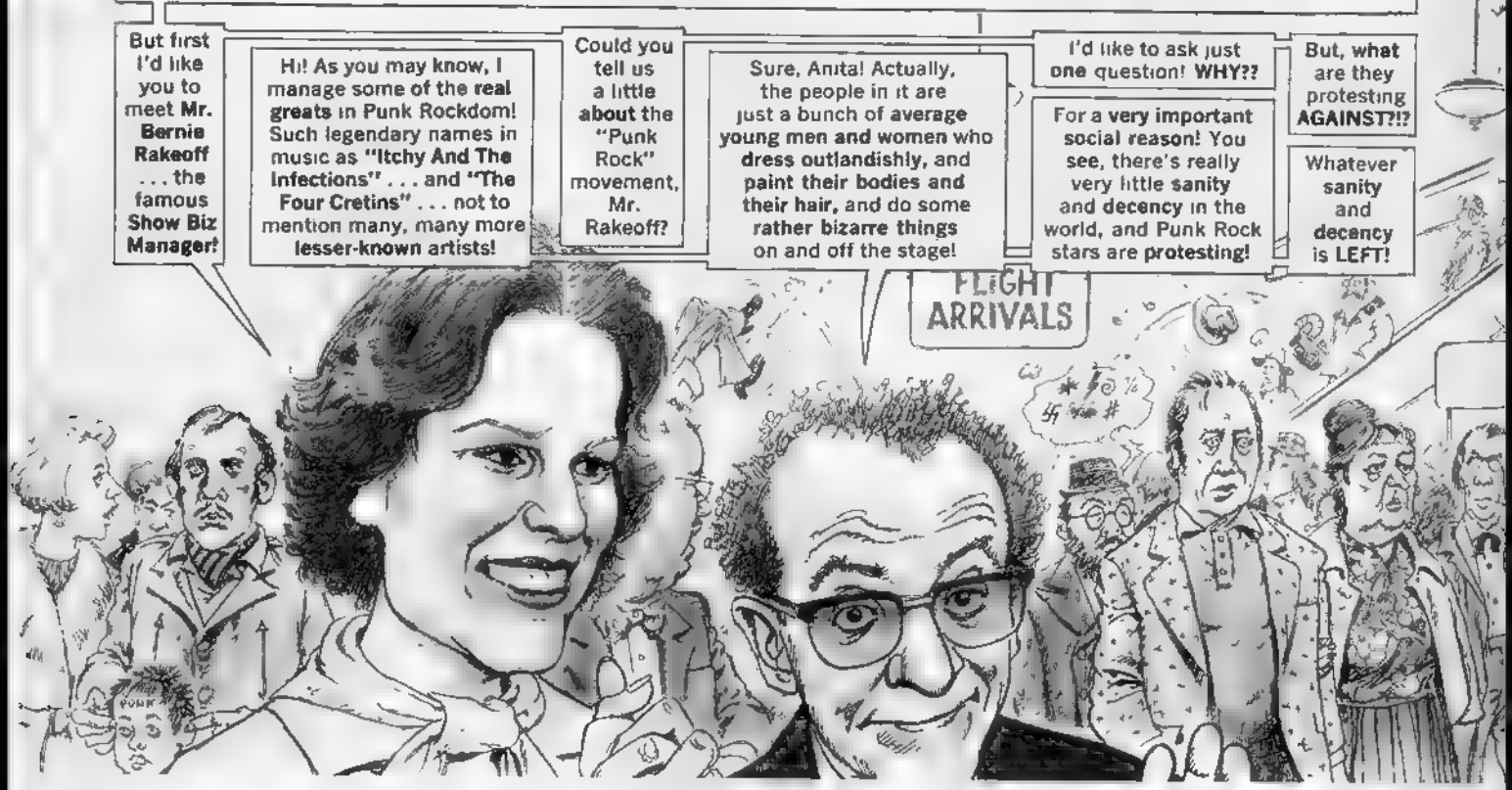
REFERENCES

Available on request from important members of my community who know me best (i.e., Otto, gas station attendant; Goldie, Exchange Desk, local department store; Dan, supermarket carry-out boy; etc.)

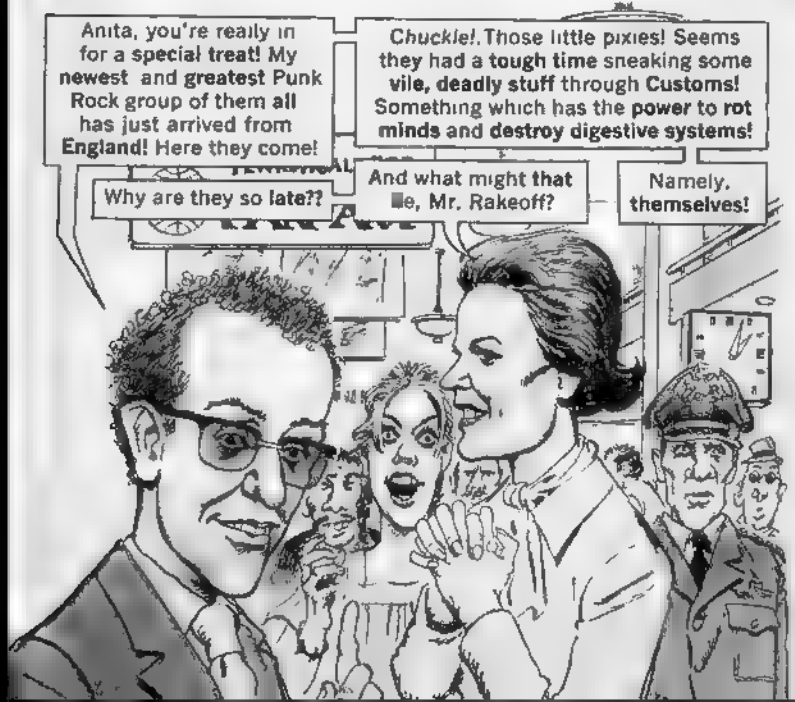
SCHLOCK 'N' ROLL DEPT.

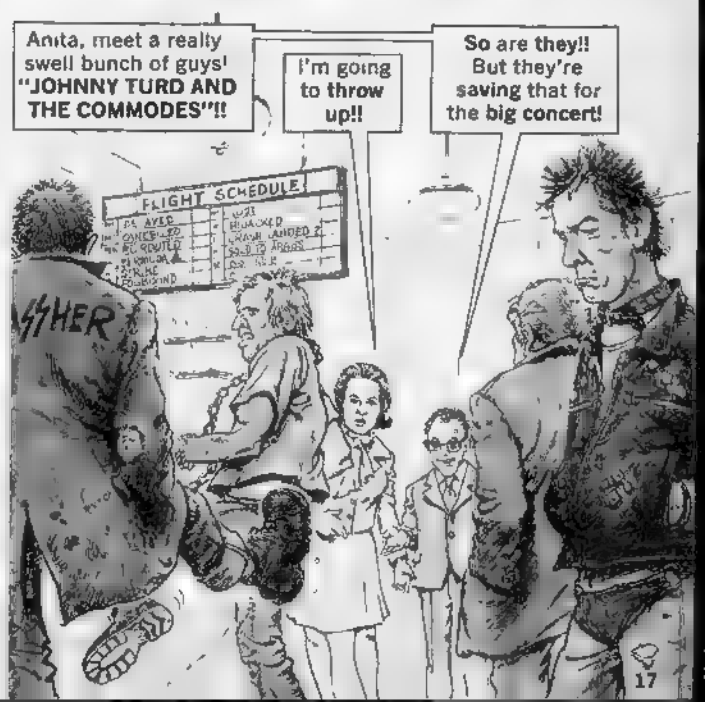
Hi! I'm **Anita Tyrant!** You remember me and my famous battle cry? **"Oranges, Si! Rotten fruits, No!"** Anyway, I'm with you this issue to explore a truly **unique phenomenon** on today's music scene! Namely, **"Punk Rock"!** And in a little while, you're going to meet

MAD'S "PUNK ROCK GROUP" OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





They're really a fun bunch, Anita! But I must admit . . . one of them is a little weird! Meet Johnny Turd, Harvey Belch, Hugo Sweatstain and Jerry Greenblatt!

JERRY GREENBLATT . . . ?!?

That's the weirdo!!

Er . . . Uh . . . H-H-Hi, there, fellows!

Hop it, Love, before we kick your ★☆&★ teeth down your throat!

Get this ☆☆!C★★ bloody twit out of here!

Screw you . . . and everything you stand for, you stupid ★☆☆★6! bird!

You're in luck, Anita! They seem to like you!

I've been insulted in all my life!

Wait! The evening is still young!

Yecch! What foul language! Er . . . what's wrong with Greenblatt?

He had an accident last week, and he hasn't been able to communicate!

What happened?

He broke his middle finger!

C'mon! We don't want to be late for the big concert! The club is packed, and all their fans are dying to see them!

You're not going to let those . . . ugh . . . horrors walk in the streets looking like that! The people in this city wouldn't stand for it!!

Hey, you must be joking! Have you seen the SICKIES walking around New York? Believe me, on Times Sq., these guys could pass for tourists!

I'M A TURD BIRD

Johnny TURD STINKS

Good Heavens, what are they DOING back there?

Rehearsing one of their numbers . . . the little dickens! Aren't they irresistible?

They're disgusting! Paint all over themselves, safety pins in their noses! And why in the world are they wearing spiked DOG COLLARS?!?

That's just a gag, Anita! You know, a put-on! It's also a handy place to wear their tags!

What tags?

The ones that prove they got their RABIES SHOTS!

I'll bet this is the first time you ever drove with the top down . . . in a SEDAN! Aw, look! Poor Greenblatt is preoccupied again! It's not only his broken finger! He's also hopelessly in love!!

In LOVE?! I can't believe one of those . . . ugh . . . THINGS could actually have a human emotion!!

Are you kidding?! Man, does he ever miss that chimpanzee he's been living with in London!

Look! Up ahead! HOLY CRAP!

What's wrong?!?

Nothing That's just the name of the club where they're going to be performing!

The place is called "Holy Crap" . . . ??

It used to be a Church before they converted it!

TONITE The Commodes PUNK ROCK

Aw! Isn't that cute! Their adoring fans want autographs!

But look what "The Commodes" are DOING to them!

Yeah, I know! Calm down! THAT's how Punk Rock groups give AUTOGRAPHS!

Me! Me, first! Sock ME, Johnny!

Punch me for my kid sister who's sick at home, Harvey!

Hit me one for my girl friend who's vacationing on Cape Cod, Hugo!!

WE WANT THE COMMODES!

WE WANT THE COMMODES!

The crowd is really restless for Johnny and the boys . . . aren't they?

Yeah, but that's not what they're screaming about! This place is so NEW, they still haven't installed the REST ROOMS!!

And now, ladies and gentlemen, heeeeere's "JOHNNY. . . AND THE COMMODES"!

Shut up, you ☆!#★@☆&. twits! The boys and I don't know who in bloody hell you are, but we still hate your ☆@☆!#★@ guts! So why don't you all crawl back under the rocks where you came from, and go ☆#@☆☆!★# yourselves!?!

What a strange outburst! When do they do their opening number?

That was it! Now stand by for the ballad!

Oh, man, the world is garbage, and life is full of crap!

Whoaaa . . ohhhhh! Ohhhhh! OHHHHHH!

The United Nations has got the clap!

Whoaaa . . . ohhhhh! Ohhhhh! OHHHHH!

Down with charity— and down with laws! Down with everything— and up, up yours!

Up, up yours, bay—bee, up, up yours! Down with everything— and up, up yours! Yeeaaaaaahhhh!

Good Heavens! What do they call THAT?!?

"The Bluebird of Happiness"!

Johnny Commodes

Yecch! Look what they're DOING! Let me out of here! It's more than a civilized person can stand!

Aw, c'mom, Anita! Don't let that bother you! It's just a cute little introduction to the next part of their act!

Oh? What's that?

Some of the greatest PUKING you've ever seen!

I can't take any more! I just can't stand it!

Relax, Anita! They're going into a change of tempo now!

See? They're heading down Memory Lane! An oldie, but a goodie!

What are they doing?

Their rendition of "Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head"!

FLASSHER

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

SCREEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAM!

SHRIEEEEEEEEEEEEKKKK!

Anita!! Where have you been?! You missed the big finale! It was fantastic! Sensational!

They—ugh—cursed! They—yecch—spit and puked all over the stage! They—aargh—tinkled on the audience! They cut themselves—ulp—with knives!

What could possibly happen after that?

The act DIED!

Well, of course!! How could anything as disgusting as that succeed!?! Naturally they bombed!

STAGE DOOR

I didn't say they BOMBED! I said they DIED! What an exhibition! The greatest finale in Punk Rock history!

Listen to the crowd!

I loved it!

It was great!!

Fantastic!

I've seen better!

Ahhhh! What do YOU know about music?!

This is a very sick and upset Anita Tyrant—signing off! So long, readers! So long, America! And so long, "Johnny Turd And The Commodes" . . .

Sob . . . sob! Isn't it beautiful, Anita! The boys always wanted a simple and dignified funeral!

Well, that wraps up that act, Mr. Rakeoff! I guess, for you, it's back to the old drawing board!

No, it's back to the old airport! I've got a new Punk Rock group coming in from Uganda that'll blow your mind! They're called "Calvin And The Cannibals" . . . and they've got a finale you won't believe!!

JOHNNY

MARVIN

JERRY

HUGO

PERPLEXI-TEASE DEPT.

SOME MAD THINGS WE'LL NEVER UNDER-STAND

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: STAN HART

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY...

. . . the State pays $15,000 a year to feed, clothe and house a criminal . . .

while the victim's family gets nothing.

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY...

. . . you leave a measly quarter tip for the waiter in a luncheonette . . .

who makes as many trips as the waiter in a fancy restaurant you tip two bucks.

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY...

. . . a man can get undressed in front of his wife, and not be embarrassed . . .

and he can get undressed in front of his doctor. and not be embarrassed . . .

but he'll be embarrassed when he gets undressed in front of both of them.

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY...

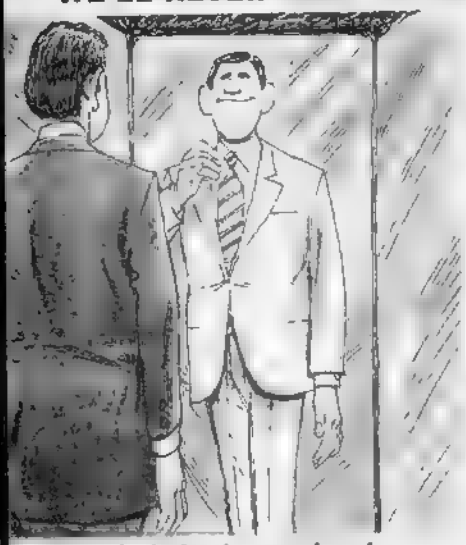
. . . no matter what city or town you're driving in when you stop for a light . . .

. . . the guy in the next car is always picking his nose.

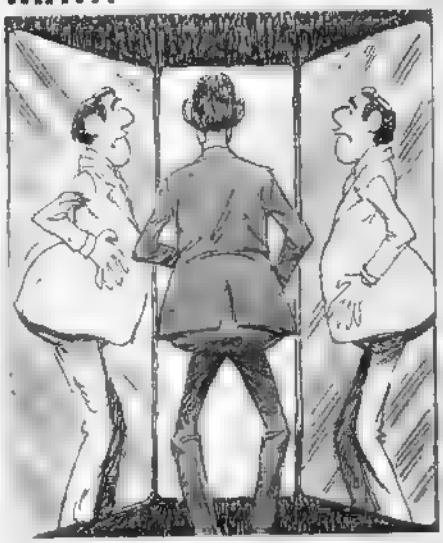
WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY.

. . . the doctor's nurse will give you a specific time for an appointment . . .

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY...



. . . you look okay in a regular mirror . . .



but you look like hell in a 3-way mirror.

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY.

. . . important letters get lost . . .

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY...

. . . people who complain about the commercialization of everything . . .

will wear fun tee shirts with commercial messages on them.

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY.

. . . someone who works hard to become a famous celebrity and be recognized . . .

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY...

but when you show up on time, there are always four or five people ahead of you.

. . . dog and cat lovers hate the killing of unwanted animals . . .

yet let their dogs and cats run free to make all those unwanted animals.

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY...

while junk mail never does.

. . . you want your best friend to succeed . . .

. . . but when he does, you feel depressed.

WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY...

complains bitterly, when she finally makes it, that she has no privacy.

. . . the U.S. Government permits the sale of arms to other countries . . .

then sends emissaries all over the world to try and stop the fighting.

OFF THE WALL DEPT.

If you want to find out what life is like in an apartment house, it's not necessary to talk to the door-

APARTMENT HOUSE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

E COPIES
YOU WAIT

RY'S
OCOPY
VICE

action
anteed

Orchard Street
: 555-8976

WE MAK
WHILE

HAR
PHOT
SER

Satisf
Guara

21-25 West
Telephon

$100.00 REWARD!

FOR ANY INFORMATION LEADING TO RECOVERY OF THESE ITEMS STOLEN LAST WEEK FROM MY APARTMENT

A Sony 19" Trinitron TV
A Pioneer 520 Stereo System with two speakers
A GE AM-FM Clock Radio
A Bulova watch with silver band

FOR SALE
CHEAP!

GE AM-FM CLOCK RADIO-$2
SONY 19" TV (Trinitron) $2
PIONEER 520 STEREO WITH TWO SPEAKERS $1
BULOVA WATCH WITH SILVER BAND — $
COME TO APT. 11-J A
ASK FOR ROCCO

Cleaning Lady
Needs Work:
Neat, Clean
Reliable:
Opal Williams
TEL
555-
8288

I'VE GOT ~~27~~ ~~18~~ 62
RABBITS TO GIVE AWAY
BOBBY SMITHERS APT. 15-H

Mr. Geoffrey Fortesque (Apt 15C) would very much like to meet the woman whose lace bikini panties somehow wound up in his laundry while using the basement washer and dryer on Wednesday last.

TYPIST

wi.l type yur
manuscrfipt too
your coMpletE
satisfacfactio n!
REASONABLE
RAITS!
WILL PICK #P
AND DeLIVUR
Calll Clarisse
555 -7843

The monthly meeting of the building anti-crime committee will not be held this month due to its chairman, Wilfred Smeest (4B) still lying in critical condition following the armed robbery during last month's meeting.

man or the tenants. Simply make your way to the place where folks pin up their messages, namely the . . .

E BULLETIN BOARD

IDEA BY: T. PEPLINSKI

ARE YOU THE FORGETFUL TYPE? If so, you can benefit by enrolling in my new, 6-week Memory Course. When you're through, you'll forget nothing and remember everything!

For cost and complete information please dial this number:

EVERY MARRIAGE IS WORTH SAVING!
FOR MARRIAGE-COUNSELING,
CALL MRS. ELVYRA GREPSER
555-9851 APARTMENT 6-D
(FORMERLY MRS. ELVYRA DINWIT, APT 14-A)

MUST GET RID OF MY
DOBERMAN FAST
WILL MAKE FINE ~~PET~~
GUARD DOG
FOR
RIGHT PERSON
CALL B. JONES
12-B
(Temporarily IN MERCY
HOSPITAL)

Lost
My bifocals
Will pay reward
to person who
returns them
Grover Flem
home
-7942 Apt 12

(SD)
Mrs Leona Vickers
wishes to announce
that she is coming
out of seclusion after
a 45-day mourning
period following
the death of her
Poodle
Pierre)

EXPERT ACCOUNTANT
WILL PREPARE YOUR TAXES

Low-Cost Package

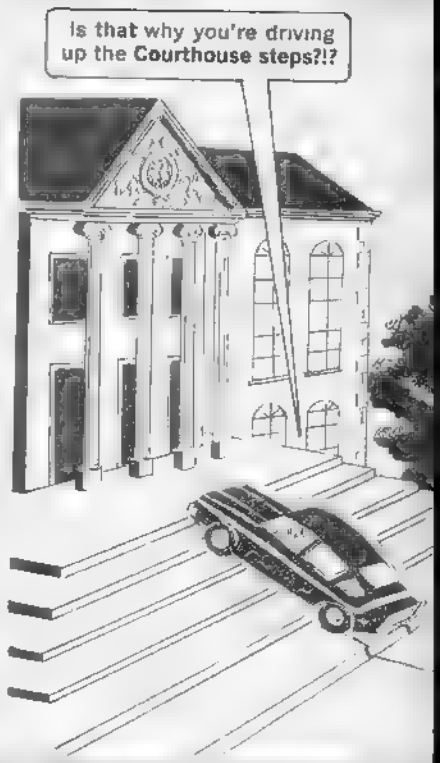
Federal Return $15.00
State Return $10.00
City Return–$10.00
Total: $42.00

Ben's A-1 Tax Service
111 Oak St. 555.0924

Donald and Maureen Snyder (11J)
and
Peter and Iris Fleeble (9K)
wish to announce that they
have swapped mates, and as of
the first of the month
Donald and Peter will be living in 11J
and Maureen and Iris in 9K

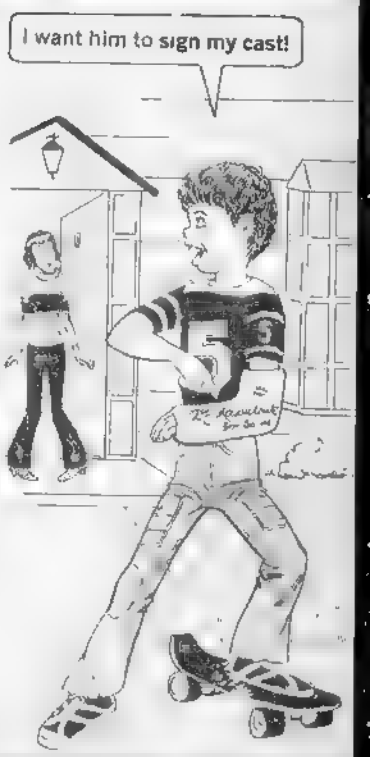
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... D

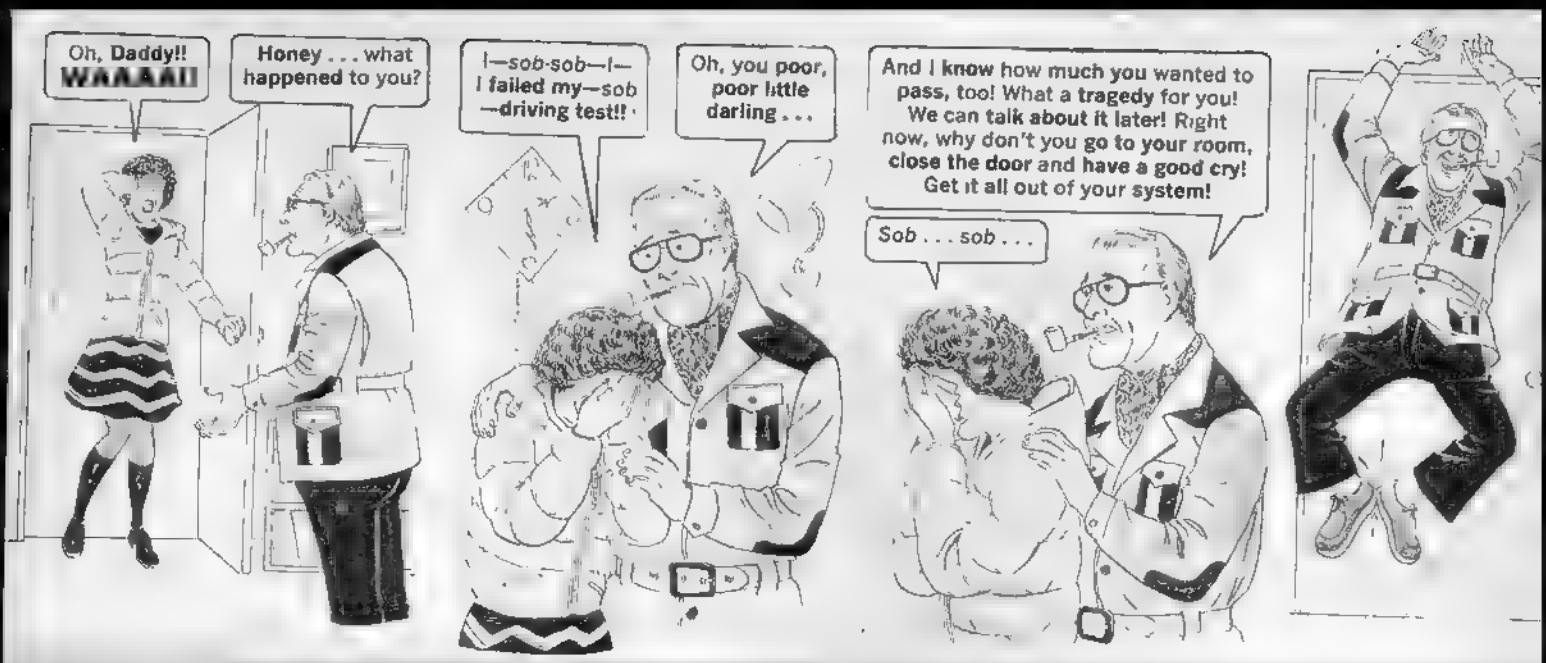


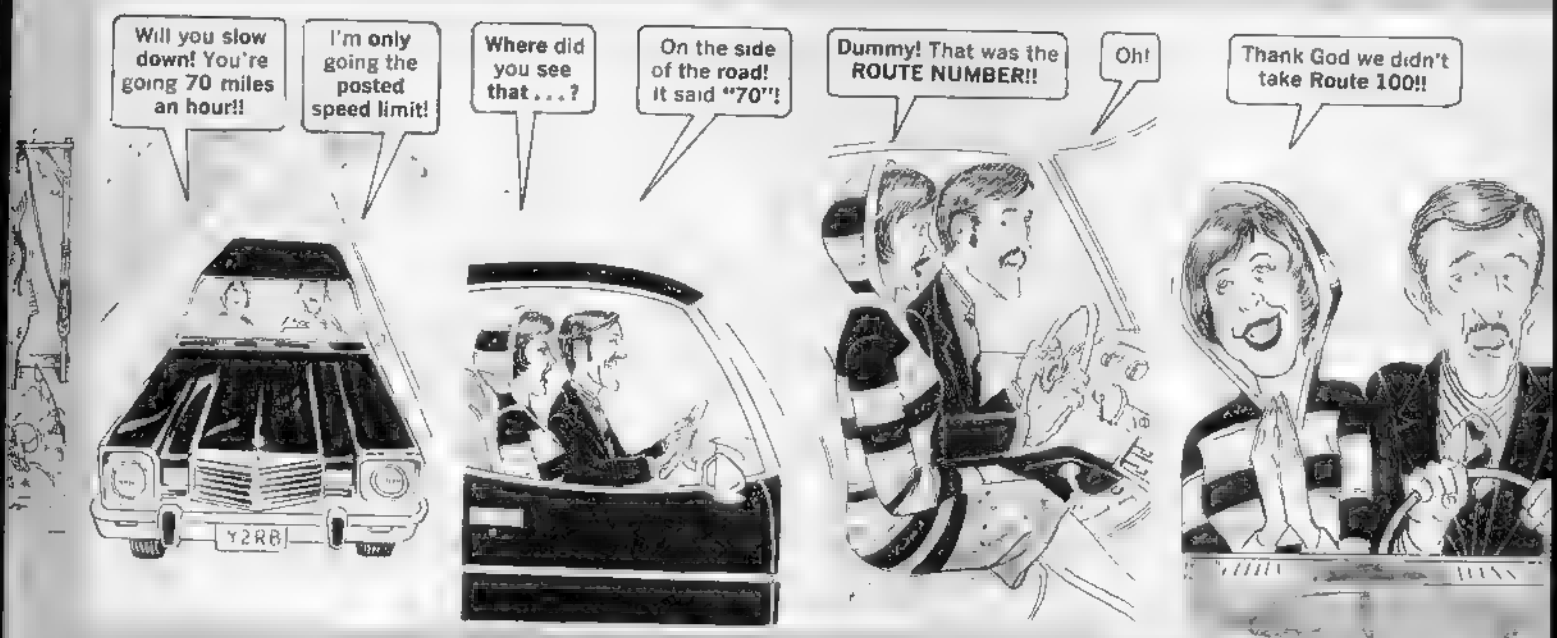
ANGER

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVID BERG

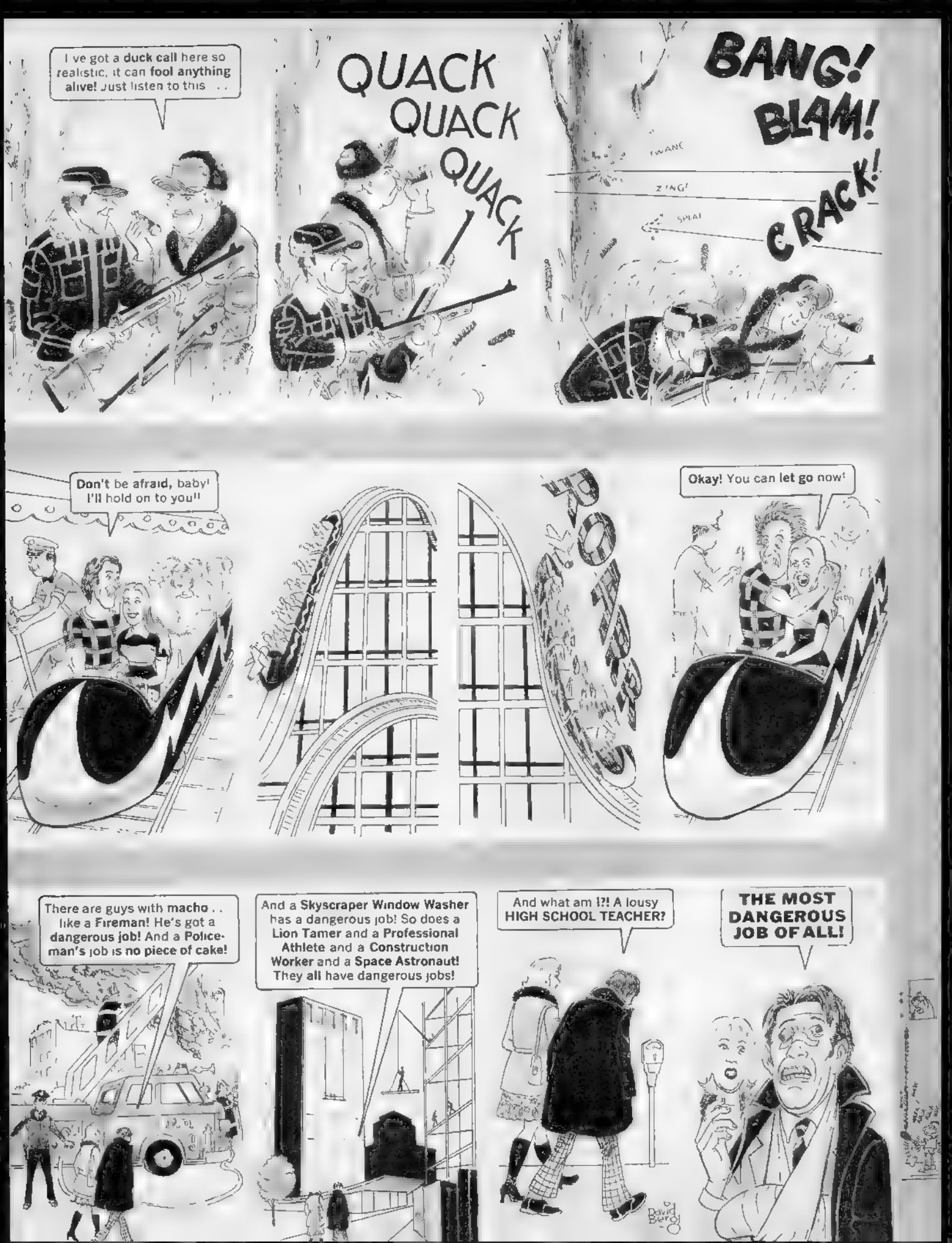


BEWARE! DANGEROUS ATTACK DOG
KNOCK KNOCK
THAT's the dangerous attack dog?!?
YIPE YIPE YIPE
Shhh! He THINKS he's a dangerous attack dog!
GRR
We got one guy in my dorm who actually believes in Witchcraft and Voodoo and Black Magic and like that!
Can you imagine? In this place of higher learning . . . in this the atomic age . . . when we've put men on the moon . . . there is still one jerk who believes in ridiculous, superstitions mumbo-jumbo nonsense like that!
I guess you really told him off, eh!
Are you crazy?!
He's liable to put some kind of CURSE on me!!
HEY! BE CAREFUL! DON'T STAND UP IN THE BOAT!! THAT COULD MEAN TROUBLE!
NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
SPLASH
YOU'VE SCARED ALL THE FISH AWAY!!


Oh, Daddy!! WAAAAII
Honey . . . what happened to you?
I—sob-sob—I—I failed my—sob—driving test!!
Oh, you poor, poor little darling . . .
And I know how much you wanted to pass, too! What a tragedy for you! We can talk about it later! Right now, why don't you go to your room, close the door and have a good cry! Get it all out of your system!
Sob . . . sob . . .

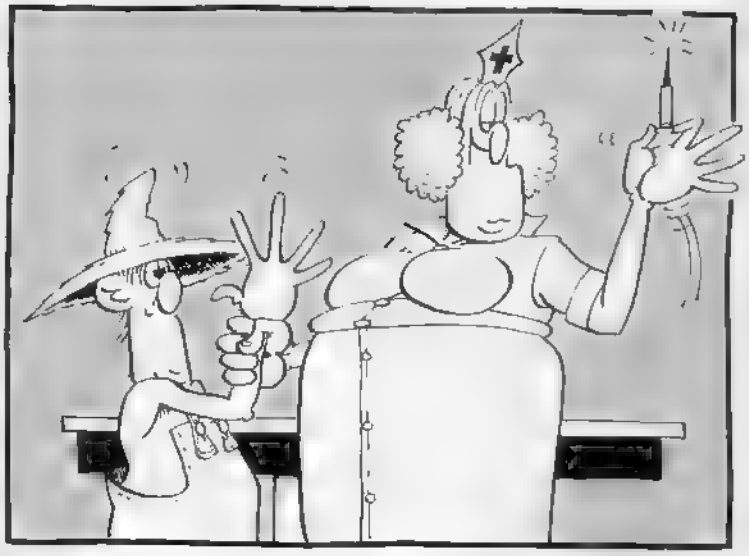

Will you slow down! You're going 70 miles an hour!!
I'm only going the posted speed limit!
Where did you see that . . . ?
On the side of the road! It said "70"!
Dummy! That was the ROUTE NUMBER!!
Oh!
Thank God we didn't take Route 100!!
Y2RB

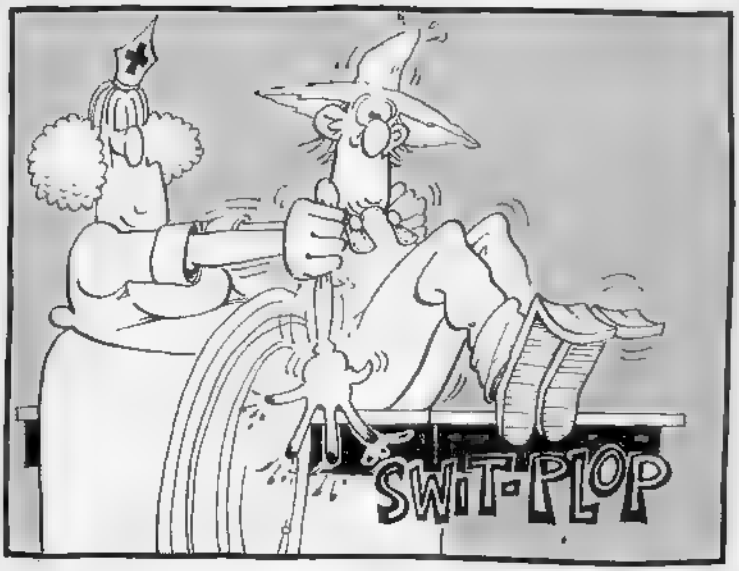
Bernie, this is Maxwell! Can I come down to your apartment? I gotta see you for a minute!
You're always a welcome guest! But be careful on the stairs! They're really steep and the rug is tattered!
What's taking Maxwell so long?
That must be him now!
BING BONG
Good Lord! Look at you! Didn't you listen to me! I TOLD you the stairs were dangerous!!
I know!! That's why I took the elevator . . .
. . . and got MUGGED!!


I've got a duck call here so realistic, it can fool anything alive! Just listen to this . .
QUACK QUACK QUACK
BANG! BLAM! CRACK!
TWANG
ZING!
SPLAT
Don't be afraid, baby! I'll hold on to you!!
Okay! You can let go now!
There are guys with macho . . like a Fireman! He's got a dangerous job! And a Policeman's job is no piece of cake!
And a Skyscraper Window Washer has a dangerous job! So does a Lion Tamer and a Professional Athlete and a Construction Worker and a Space Astronaut! They all have dangerous jobs!
And what am I?! A lousy HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER?
THE MOST DANGEROUS JOB OF ALL!
David Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE AFTERNOON DOWN ON A FARM





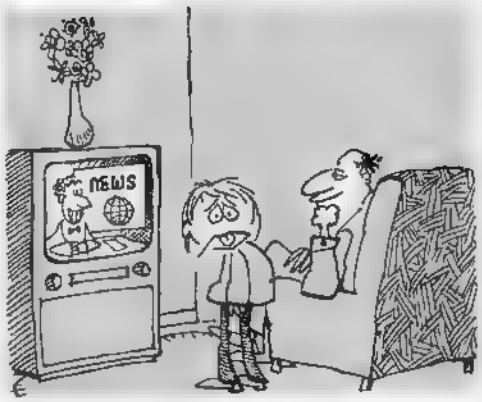
TWIN SCREWS DEPT.

"Catch-22" was a best-selling book that later was made into a successful movie. In case you didn't read the book or see the movie, it was about an Air Force bombardier who doesn't want to fly any more dangerous missions. Since there is an Air Force regulation which states that if you're insane, you can't fly, our

MAD'S REAL-LI

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

You can't watch TV until you finish all your homework . . .



. . . but by the time you finish all your homework, your favorite shows are over.

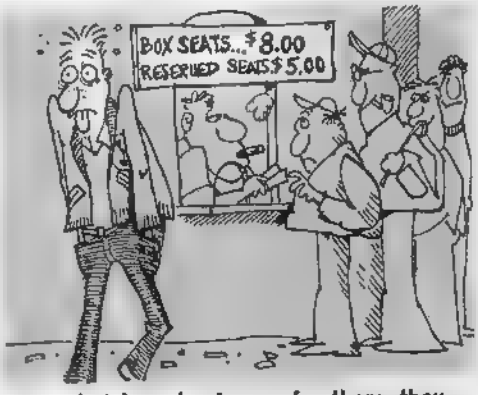
You're given permission to have the gang over for a party, but you're not allowed to have beer . . .

That great-looking cheerleader won't go out with you unless you're on the football team . . .

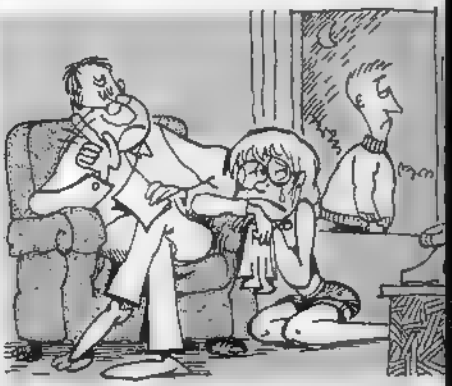
. . . but if you make the team, you have an early curfew, and she won't go out with guys who have to sign in at 11:00 o'clock.

You're threatened with Summer School if you don't pass all your subjects . . .

Your favorite team signs several free agents for a couple of million bucks . . .



. . . but in order to pay for them, they raise the ticket prices, so now you can't afford to see your favorite team play.



Your Dad says you can stay out as late as you want on weekends if you get straight A's . . .

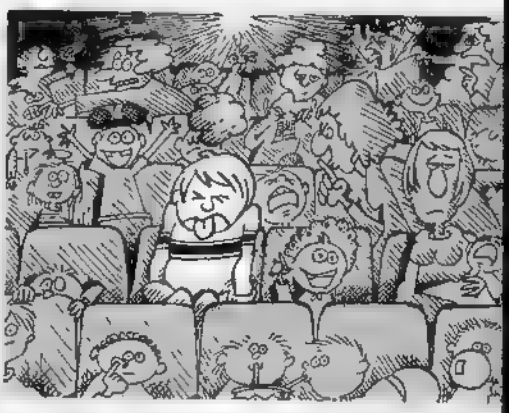
hero tells his shrink that he's crazy and therefore, according to regulations, he doesn't have to fly. But there's a catch—Catch-22—which states that if you don't want to fly dangerous missions, it proves you're sane . . . and therefore, you have to keep flying! All of which is our roundabout way of introducing . . .

FE "CATCH-22's"

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

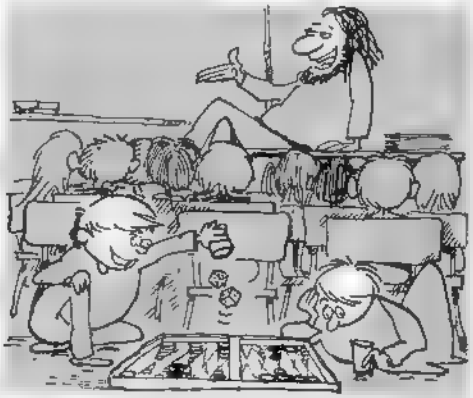
. . . and if there's no beer, the gang won't come to your party.

If you're over 12, you have to pay an adult admission price at the movies . . .

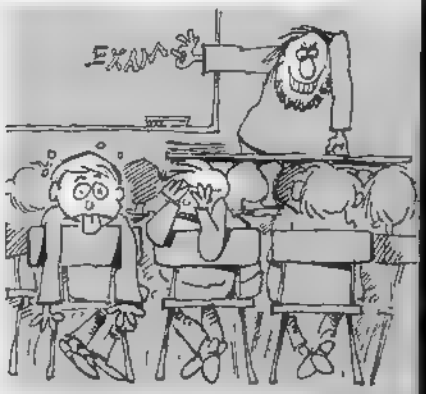


. . . but because you're under 18, you're only allowed to see boring "kid" movies.

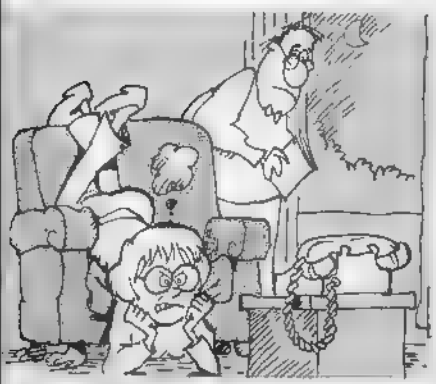
. . . but if you do pass, you'll have to go to Summer Camp . . . which is worse.



You have one of those cool teachers who doesn't take attendance, and doesn't care if you show up for his lectures or not . . .



. . . but if he springs a surprise quiz on the class, and you're not there . . . you get a big fat zero.



. . . but if you get straight A's, none of the guys will ask you out because you're obviously a brain.

If you want dessert, you have to finish your broccoli first . . .

. . . but if you eat all your broccoli, you're sure to barf, and you won't want any dessert.

BUCK SHOT DEPT.

Hey, big spender! Do you really know where every penny of your hard-earned (or conned, in the case of a weekly allowance) buck goes? Of course not! So pay attention! We're gonna show you! And if you think *Economics* was dull, wait till you start reading→

WHERE Y

WHERE YOUR ENTERTAINMENT DOL

MOVIES

19¢

Consisting of: 5¢ to the theater owner (which would be more if he provided a place to stand that wasn't out in the rain, or had his theater cleaned once a month); 10¢ to stars and studios (to help recoup investments in past bombs); 4¢ to the stars' agents (for no reason any grown-up person can understand).

POPCORN

8¢

Although Popcorn should be classified as a "food" instead of entertainment, it qualifies because of the fun you have trying to get the smell of rancid butter off your hands and lips for the next six days!

DRIVE-IN MOVIES

6¢

This includes the bill from the owner for the speaker you ripped off when you forgot to remove it as you drove away!

BOOKS

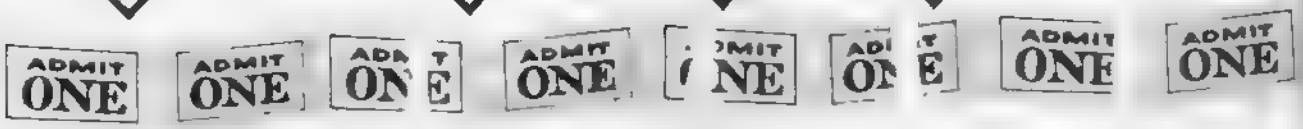
8¢

This amount applies to "books bought," not "books read." For "books read" the amount is about 2¢!

MAGAZINES

9¢

This amount applies to "magazines bought," not "magazines read." For "magazines read," the amount is 21¢, if you can tolerate the store owner shouting, "This ain't a library!"



WHERE YOUR SHELTER DOLLAR GO

MORTGAGE PAYMENTS

12¢

When you pay off the mortgage in 30 years, the house will be all yours—but it'll only be worth half what you put into it because no one will want a run-down old house!

TAXES

7¢

Your tax money pays for Fire, Police and Sanitation services! It also pays for Congressmen's sex services!

TELEPHONE

9¢

The family's teenagers are responsible for most of this cost! And the cost skyrockets even higher when they have to stay home from school because "their throats hurt them"!

HOUSE REPAIRS

8¢

It is well worth getting someone to do the house repair jobs! If family members attempt to do them, add 24¢ for doctor bills!

CLEANING

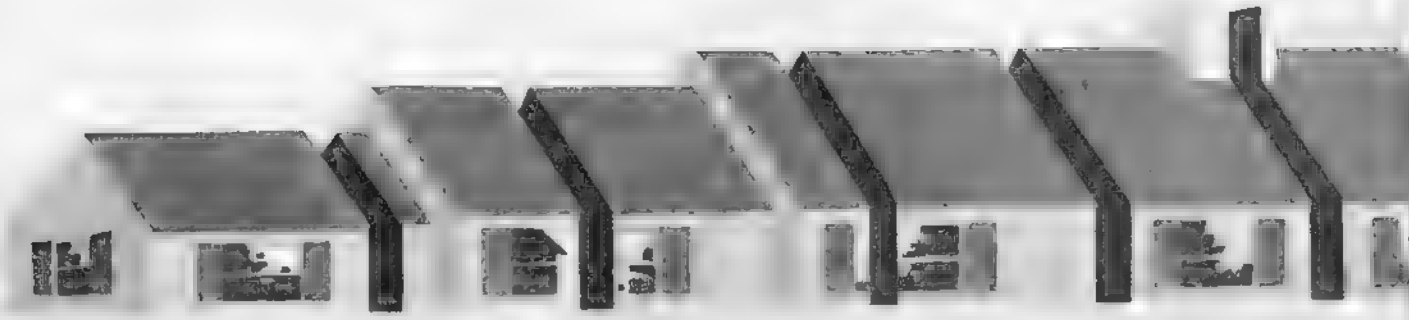
9¢

A kid's room must be cleaned at least once a week so the parents can find valuables in the pile of clothes on the floor . . . namely their kid!

AIR CONDITIONING

8¢

This isn't electric air conditioning . . . but "incense" air conditioning, so the parents can't tell what the kids have been smoking in their rooms!



OUR DOLLAR GOES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART

LAR GOES

BOWLING
10c
Despite the popular misconception that today's kids just hang around bowling alleys and get into trouble, they also bowl . . . and get into trouble!

BOWLING MEDICAL COSTS
12c
This covers the costs of back doctors or hernia operations when you try to impress a girlfriend how fast you can throw a ball—or try to impress a boyfriend that you're a real "regular fellow"!

ROCK CONCERTS
9c
This may seem high until you realize that the cost of a Rock Concert also covers the performer's bills from his ear doctor and his legal fees from his battle with the U.S. Immigration Department.

REFRESHMENT AT ROCK CONCERTS
6c
This is optional! You need not buy your own refreshments! Just take a deep breath and you can cash in on everyone else's refreshments!

GETTING OUT OF JAIL
5c
Obviously, Rock fans aren't the only ones who attend Rock Concerts!

AMUSEMENT PARKS
8c
This includes admissions to rides, and the cleaning bill . . . after you vomit all over yourself on the Roller Coaster!

ADMIT ONE ADMIT ONE ADMIT ONE ADMIT ONE ADMIT ONE ADMIT ONE ADMIT ONE ADMIT ONE

ES

ELECTRICITY
7c
This may seem high, but how are the kids expected to see well at Noon unless all the lights in the house are on?!

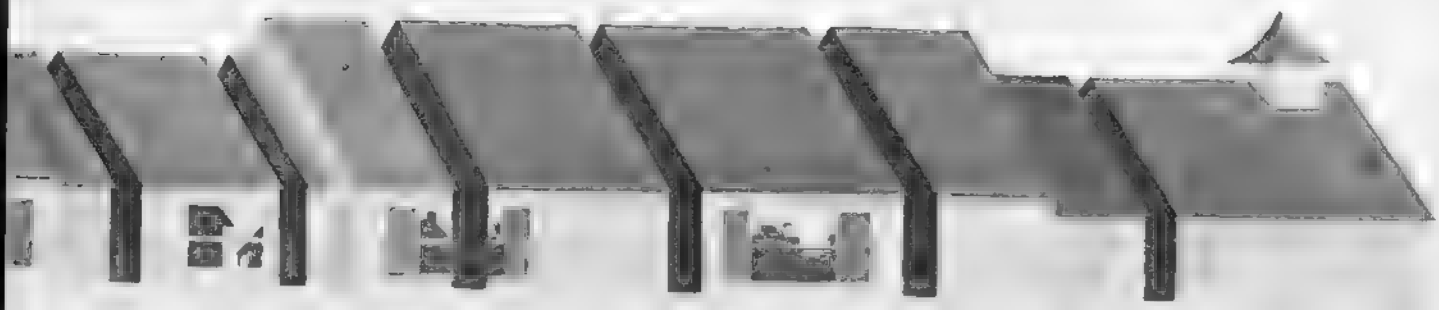
PLUMBING REPAIRS
6c
Results from kids trying to learn if their Snoopy dolls can shoot the rapids in the toilet bowl!

TELEVISION REPAIRS
8c
When these are necessary, the Mother . . . who watches TV all day long . . . blames the kids . . . who watch it all night long!

UPHOLSTERY REPAIRS
9c
. . . to cover holes burned in sofa while the kids are smashed on cheap wine! Also to cover holes burned in sofa while the parents are smashed on expensive wine!

DISHWASHER REPAIRS
8c
This occurs often, like when the parents return from a week-end vacation to find the dishes piled up in the sink to the ceiling, and they figure the dishwasher must be broken, only it isn't!

INSURANCE
9c
This is needless and costly expense. In most American homes, everyone would be happier if the damn things burned down and each family member was free to run away and be by himself anyway!



WHERE YOUR MEDICAL DOLLAR G

OFFICE
8c
Includes cost of occasionally re-upholstering the 35-year-old sofa and cleaning the carpet once every seventeen years!

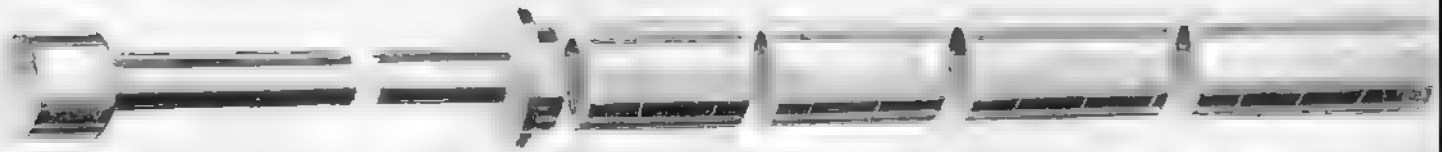
RECEPTIONIST
9c
A high priced job—only for qualified person with special talent for booking three, four or more patients for the same exact time!

NURSE
8c
Includes cost of special brush-up training course on how NOT to find a vein with an old, dull hypodermic needle!

EQUIPMENT
6c
This would be much higher if only the doctor could bring himself to discard those old hypodermic needles!

ANSWERING SERVICE
8c
Includes the cost of the hypnotist who wipes out the Answering Service operator's memory for names, dates places and facts!

MALPRACTICE INSURANCE
12c
Insurance companies are bloodsuckers, charging so much! Then again, they wouldn't have to charge so much if doctors didn't screw up so badly and lose malpractice cases!



WHERE YOUR FOOD DOLLAR

FARMER
7c
. . . which is plenty for someone who just plays around in dirt all day long!

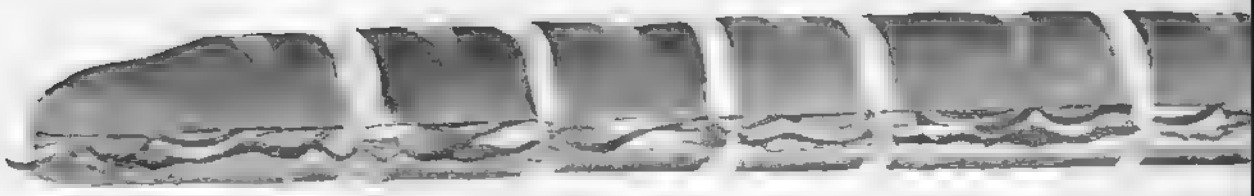
ADDITIVES
5c
The stuff that makes your food look great and your X-ray look awful!

LEGAL COSTS
8c
To fight the Food and Drug Administration over the use of all those harmful additives!

PACKAGING
9c
. . . including high-priced Des-gners and expensive—but useless—packaging materials!

ADVERTISING
14c
You love your TV shows? Guess who pays for them? That's okay with you? Now guess who pays for the ones you hate as well!

LEGAL COSTS
7c
To fight the Federal Trade Commission over false and misleading advertising claims



WHERE YOUR TRANSPORTATION D

CAR PAYMENTS
12c
The easy way to buy a car! Only trouble is, by the time you finish paying the car off, it's ready for the junk yard!

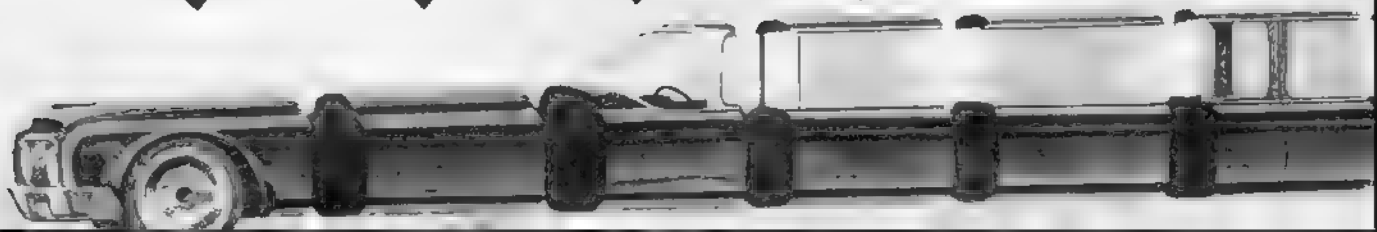
GAS AND OIL
7c
This item could be reduced a lot if you could just find a girlfriend that lives at the bottom of a hill!

REPAIRS
10c
This figure includes 4¢ for initial repair and 6¢ for taking it to another mechanic to undo the job done by the first butcher!

OVERSIZED TIRES
9c
If you drive on these "conventional" tires, all your friends will laugh at you! It's a small price to pay to avoid humiliation!

TRAFFIC TICKETS
8c
It takes a while to find out that all those posted speed limit signs aren't just roadside eye charts!

CLEANING
7c
For getting them ground-in pizza, hamburger, taco and ice cream stains out of the upholstery!



OES

MEDICAL CONVENTIONS

9¢

Important for meeting other doctors to exchange information on fee-splitting! Also, for doing research on hanky panky while the wives aren't looking!

CONSULTATIONS

10¢

When a doctor doesn't know what he's doing, he calls in another doctor for a consultation! So why not go to the second doctor in the first place?!? Who says HE knows what he's doing?!

COVERAGE WHILE ON VACATION

9¢

This may seem like a low amount, but then, how much does a kid just out of Medical School get? And then again, how much does he know?!

RECREATION

11¢

You wouldn't want your doctor to be "All work and no play!" would you? Three days in the office and four days at "The Club" is about average for most M.D.'s!

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE A.M.A.

10¢

. . . to help support a lobby in Washington fighting any National Health Plan that might assure good treatment for all, regardless of their ability to pay!

GOES

TRUCKING

6¢

Someone has to pay for the trucks that clog our highways and jam up our streets!

TEAMSTERS PENSION FUND

7¢

Did you ever see an OLD Truck Driver? Listen . . . he deserves to live it up a little, too!

OFFICIALS OF TEAMSTERS PENSION FUND

11¢

Did you ever see an OLD Teamster Official? Of course not! They're all behind the walls of their mansions, or behind the curtains of their Rolls Royces!

SUPERMARKET PROFITS

5¢

. . . Modest enough . . . considering they make high-speed shopping so convenient!

SUPERMARKET PROFITS

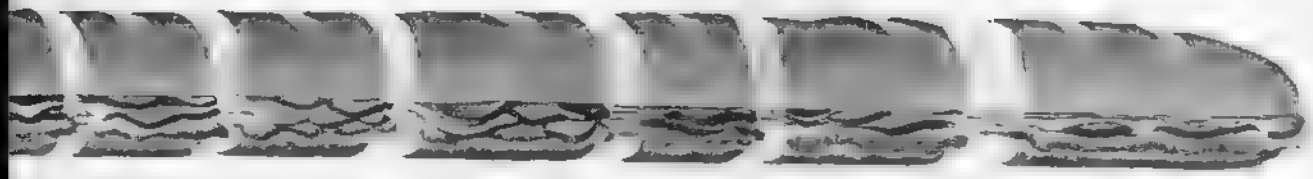
9¢

The amount those Supermarkets cheat you out of with their efficient, high-speed checkouts! Not so modest!

MISCELLANEOUS

12¢

That junk food—Meetos, Greetos, Bing Bongs, Wing Wangs—that just sit there rotting on your shelves, but which you buy over and over and over again!



OLLAR GOES

INSURANCE

9¢

Rates may be higher if you are (a) man under 25 (b) a woman under 25 (c) neither of the above or (d) all of the above!

CASSETTE TAPES

10¢

A sound investment! You can play The Led Zepelin so loud, you won't hear your parents complain about your driving when you give them a lift!

NEW PAINT JOB

8¢

If you do the job yourself, add 12¢, since you'll give up halfway through and take it to Earl Scheib, who'll charge you extra for getting off the paint you put on!

BUS FARES

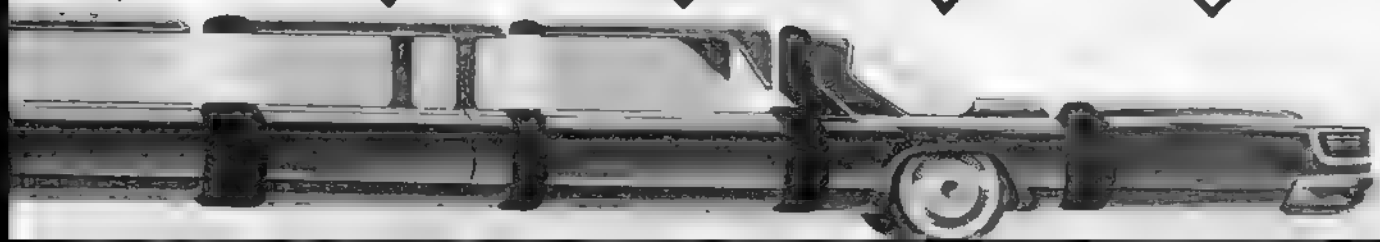
7¢

An item that must be shown, even though no teenager will ever admit having taken a bus!

COST OF GETTING EXACT CHANGE

13¢

To get on a bus, you need the exact change! So you have to buy a candy bar or a magazine! That averages out to the above amount per transportation dollar!



ECCH-CESS BAGGAGE DEPT.

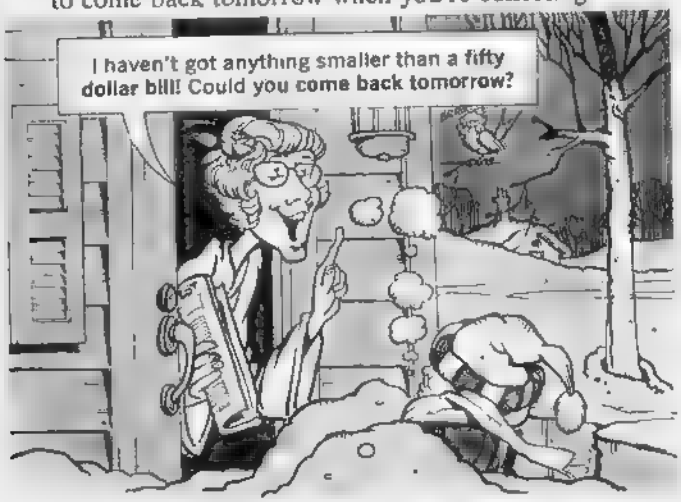
WE COULD SURE

ARTIST: BOB JONES

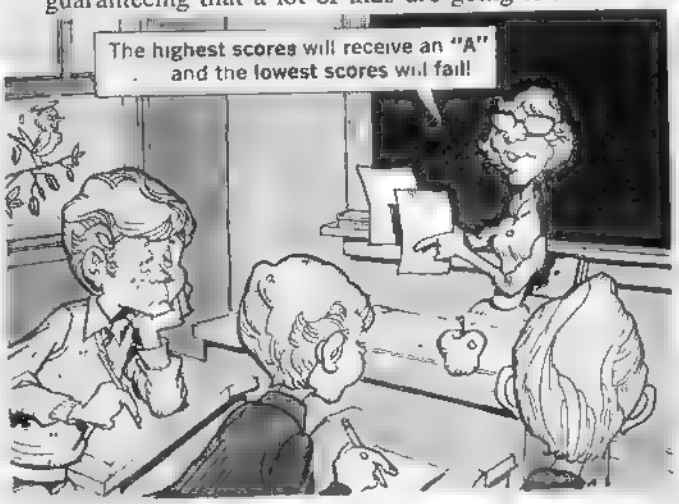
. . . people who hire you to babysit, and have nothing but health food in the refrigerator.

. . . clods who go to X-rated movies and read porno mags, and then act shocked when a celebrity is interviewed by Playboy.

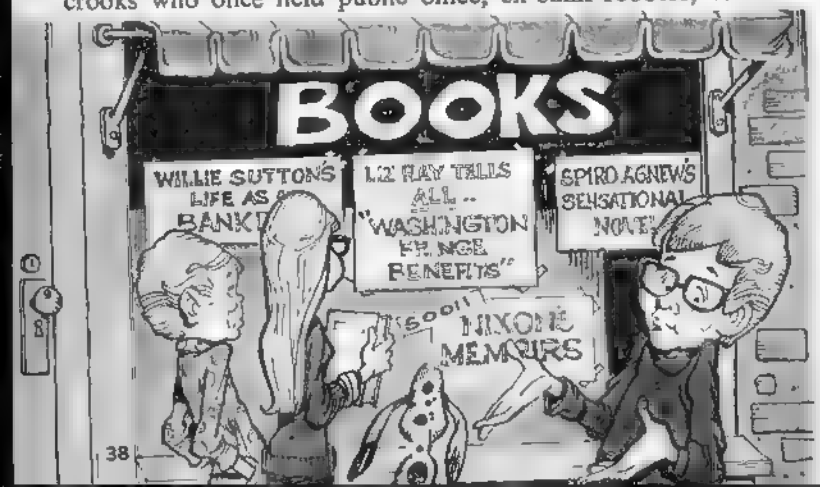
. . . customers on your paper route who tell you to come back tomorrow when you're collecting.



. . . teachers who grade exams on a curve, thereby guaranteeing that a lot of kids are going to flunk.



. . . books written by ex-hookers who worked for politicians, crooks who once held public office, ex-bank robbers, etc.



. . . teachers who keep the class to the last second so you can't get a seat on the bus.

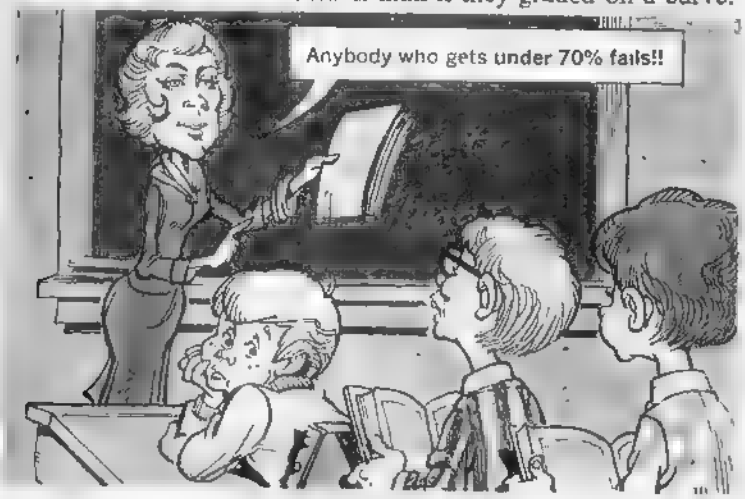
DO WITHOUT...

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

. . . those idiotic nature films that are promoted on TV, and you're dragged to see every Christmas Holiday.

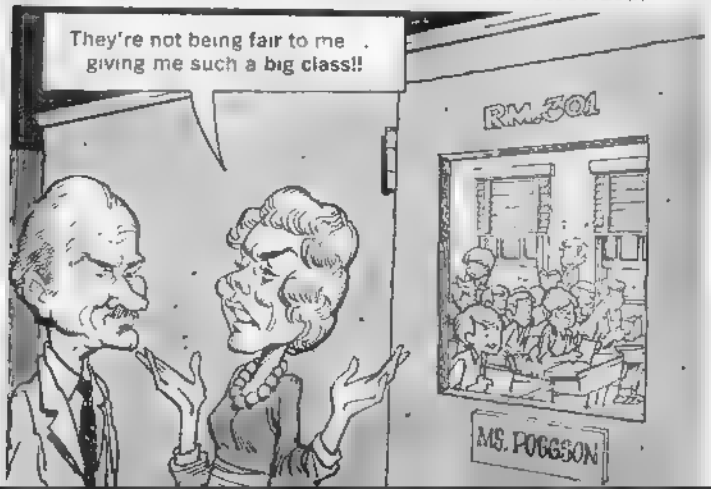
. . . politicians who think that saying prayers is going to solve the problems in our schools.

. . . teachers who grade exams by percentage, thereby insuring that even more kids wll flunk than if they graded on a curve.



. . . dinks who remind the teacher that she forgot to collect the homework.

. . . teachers who strike for more money, and then complain when their classrooms are overcrowded.



. . . frustrated super-jock fathers who expect their sons to be the great athletes that they never were.

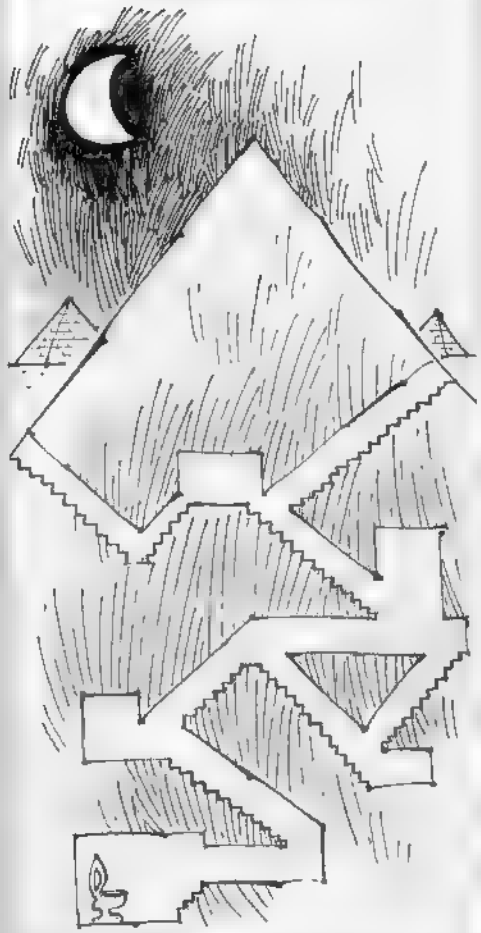
HERE THEY SAT...DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT... SOME LEGEN

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

DRACULA'S

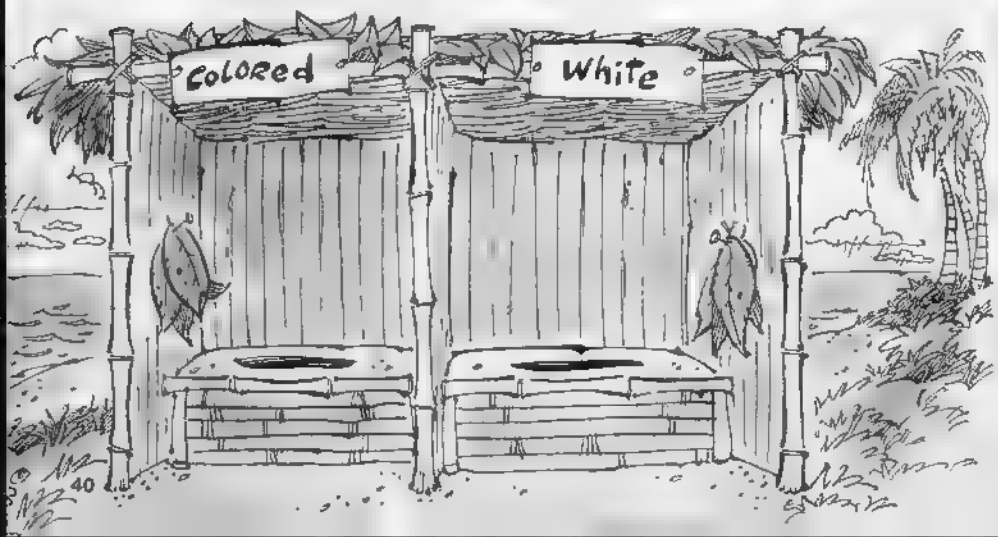
KING TUT'S



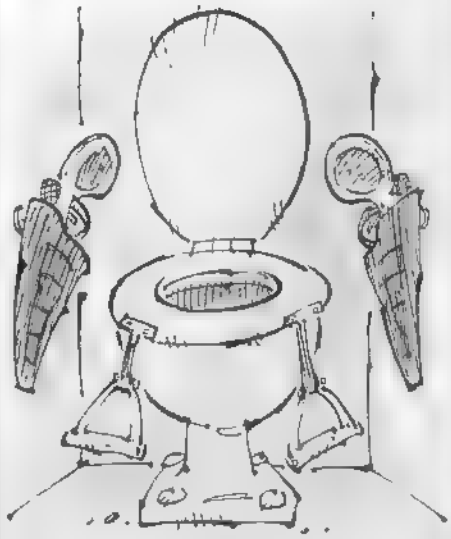
SUPERMAN'S

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S

(AND HIS MAN, FRIDAY'S)



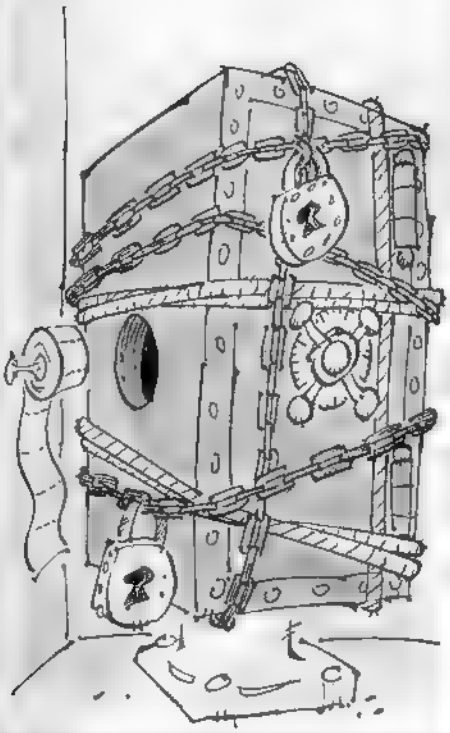
JESSE JAMES'



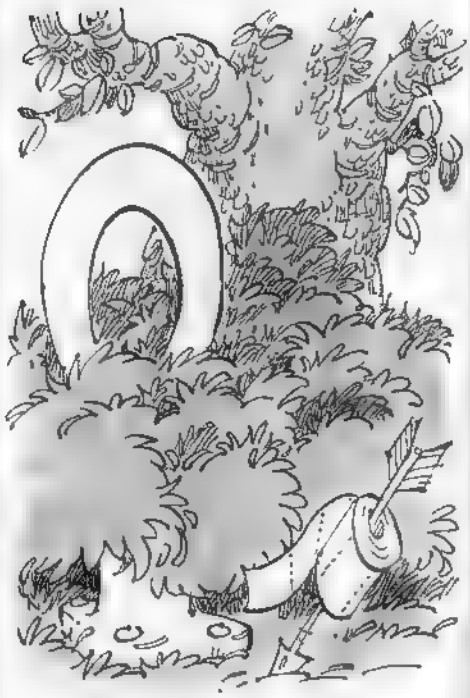
DARY COMMODES

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

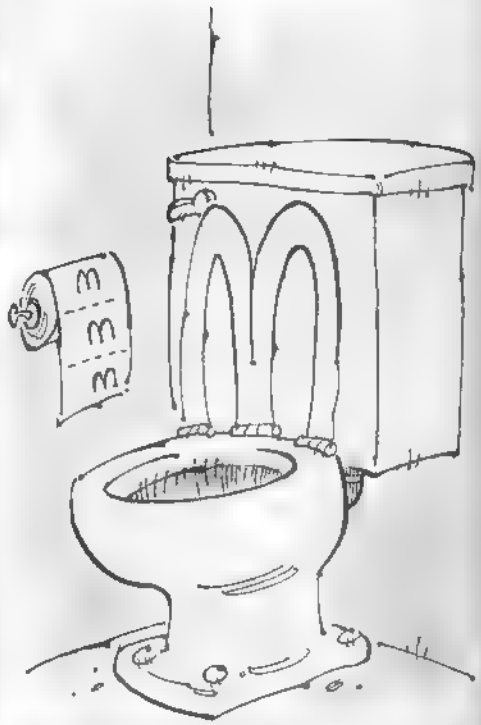
HOUDINI'S



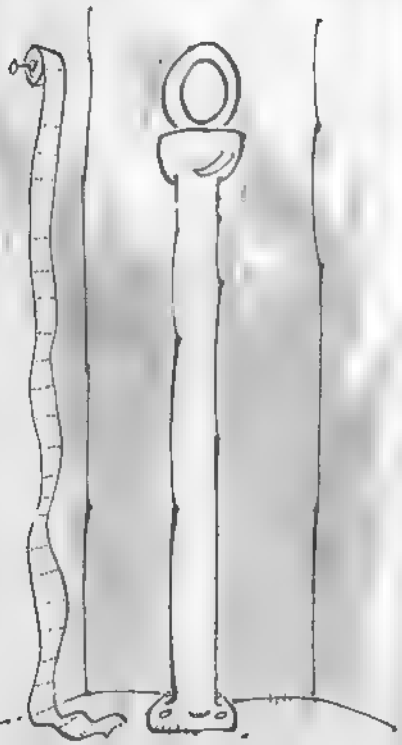
ROBIN HOOD'S



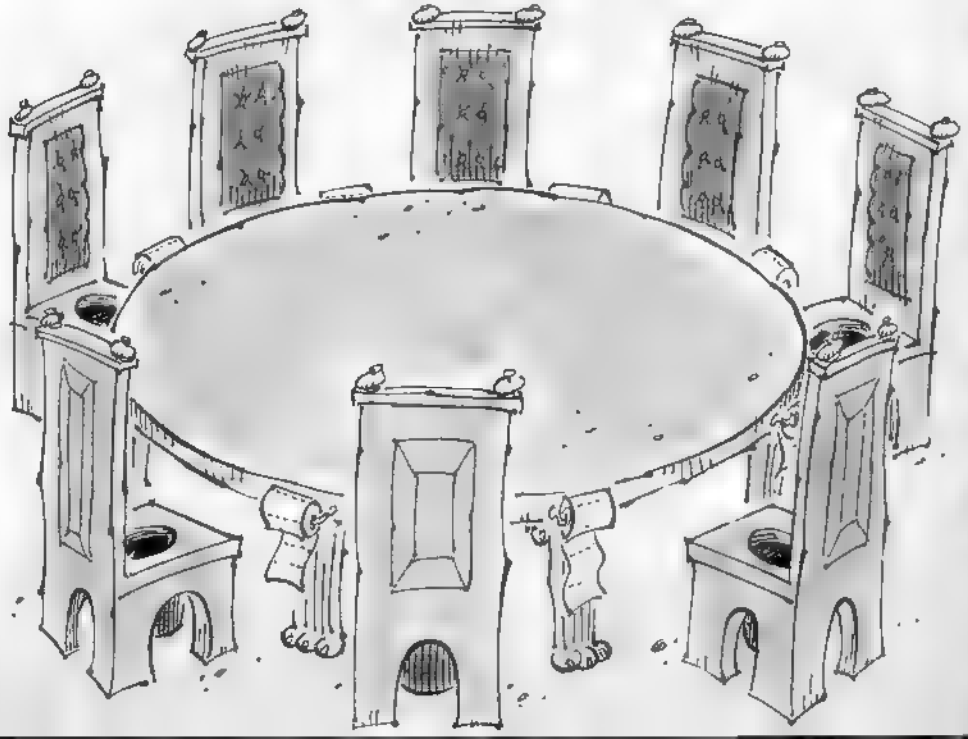
RONALD McDONALD'S



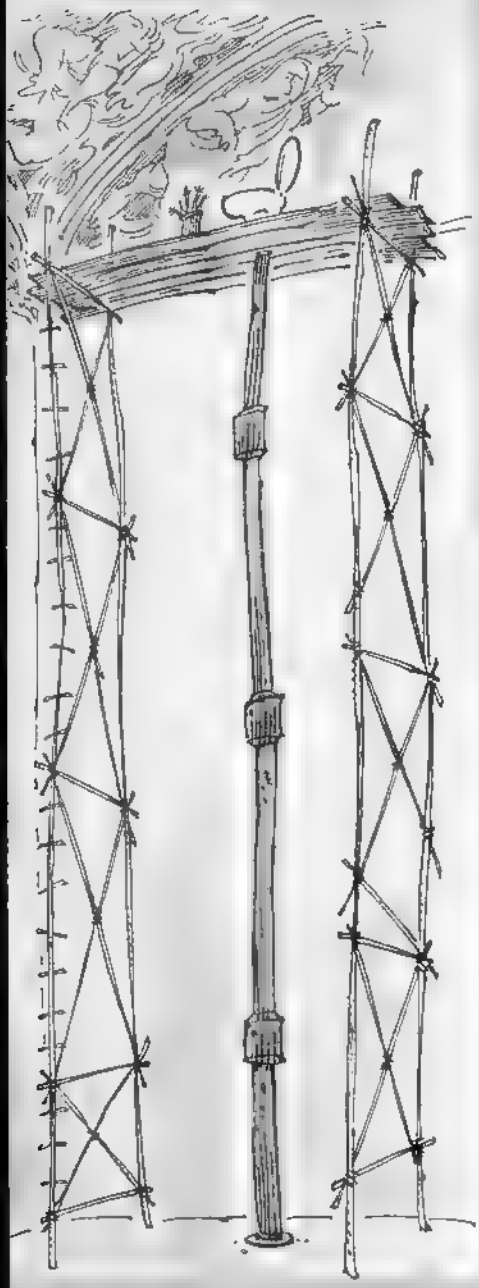
DADDY LONG LEGS'



KING ARTHUR'S
(AND HIS KNIGHTS')

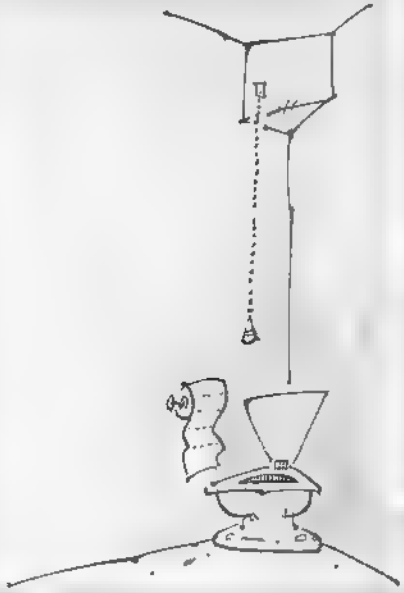


MICHELANGELO'S

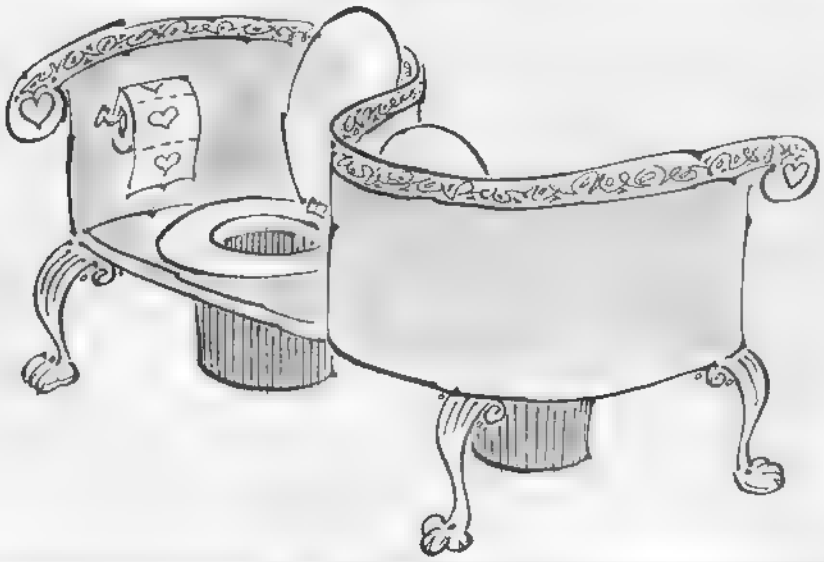


LOUIS XIV'S

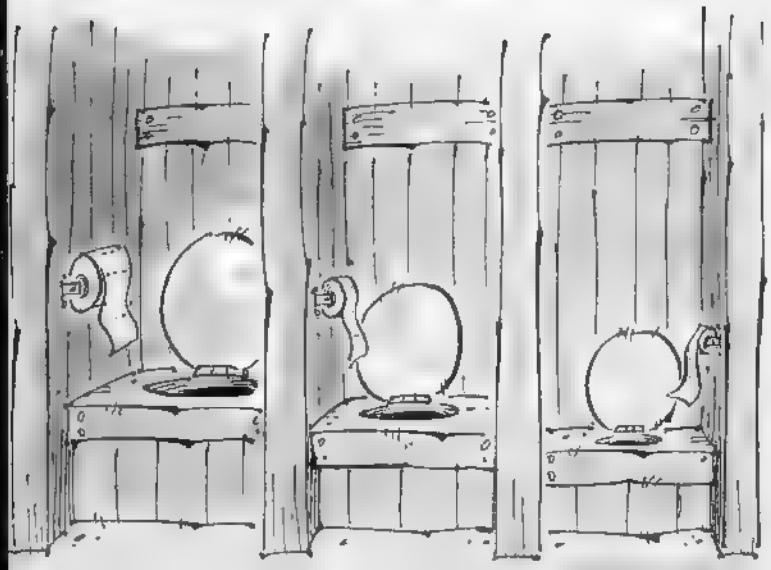
LITTLE JACK HORNER'S



CASANOVA'S



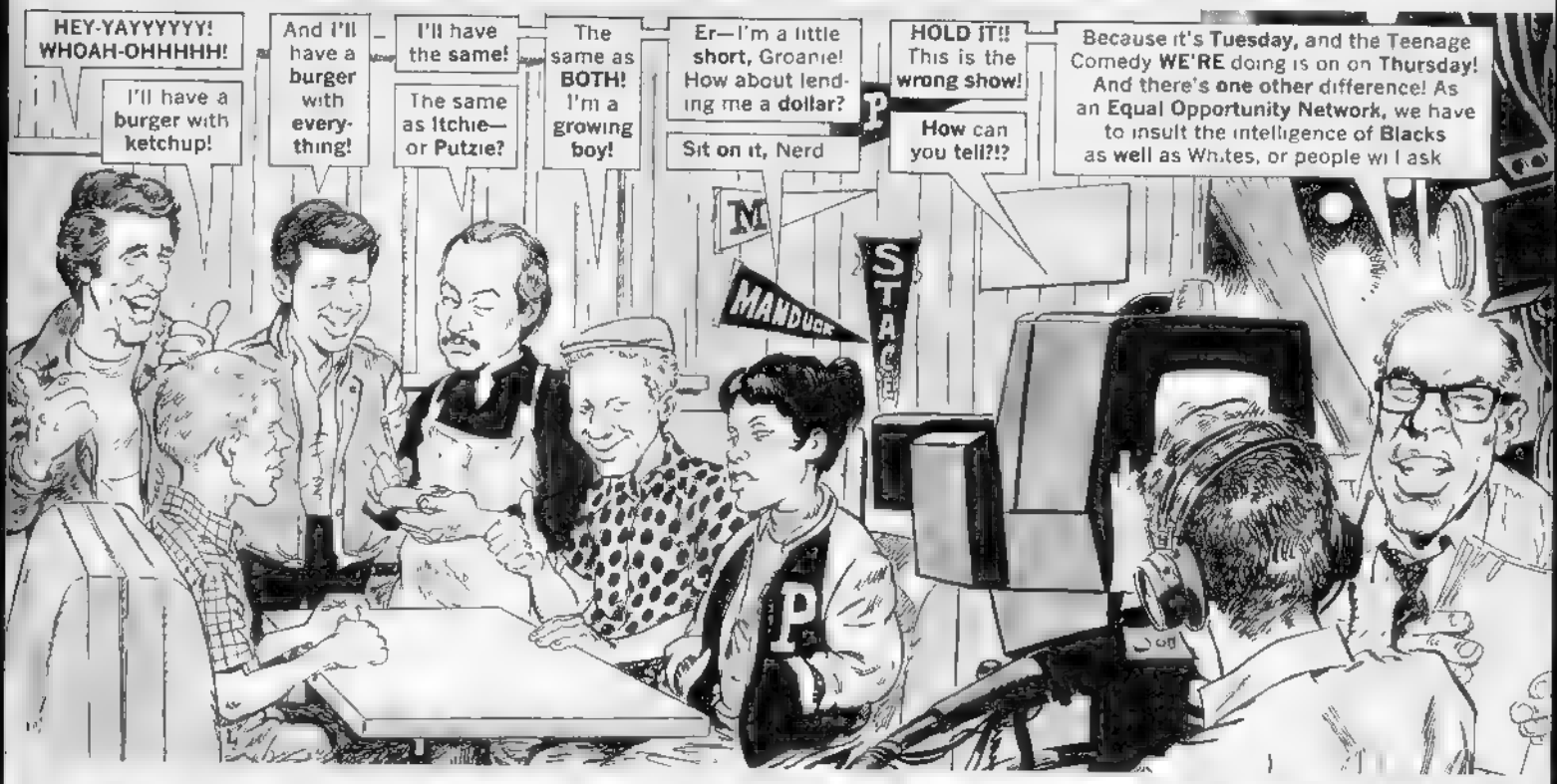
THE THREE BEARS'



THE MARQUIS DE SADE'S
(GUEST BATHROOM)

BLACK-SLIDING DEPT.

THERE'S A POPULAR TV SHOW ABOUT A CLEAN-CUT TEENAGER, HIS WISECRACKING SISTER AND HIS IDIOTIC BUDDIES WHO SPEND MOST OF THEIR TIME HANGING OUT IN A DINER . . .

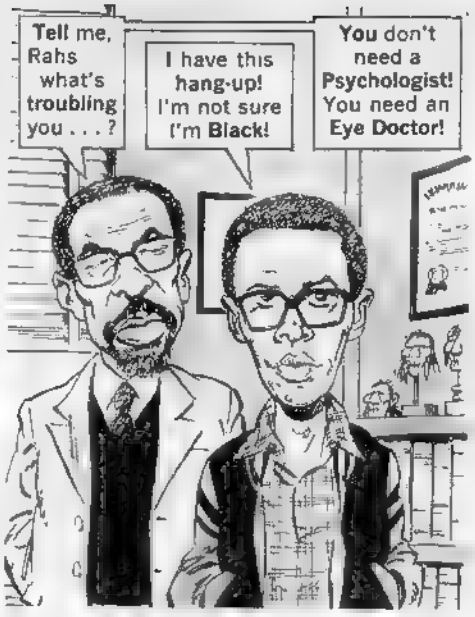


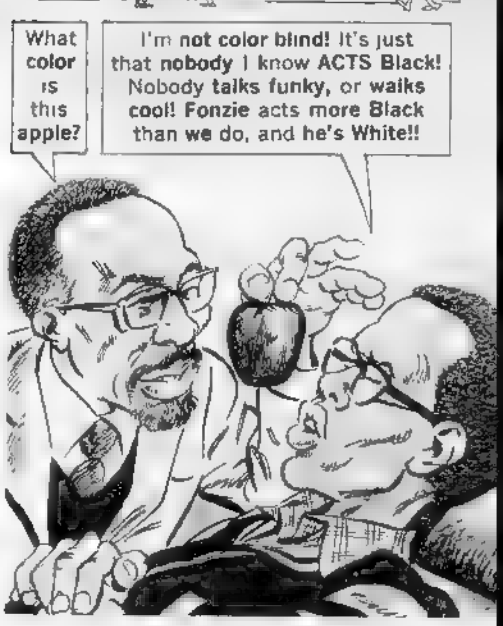
WHAT HAPPENED?

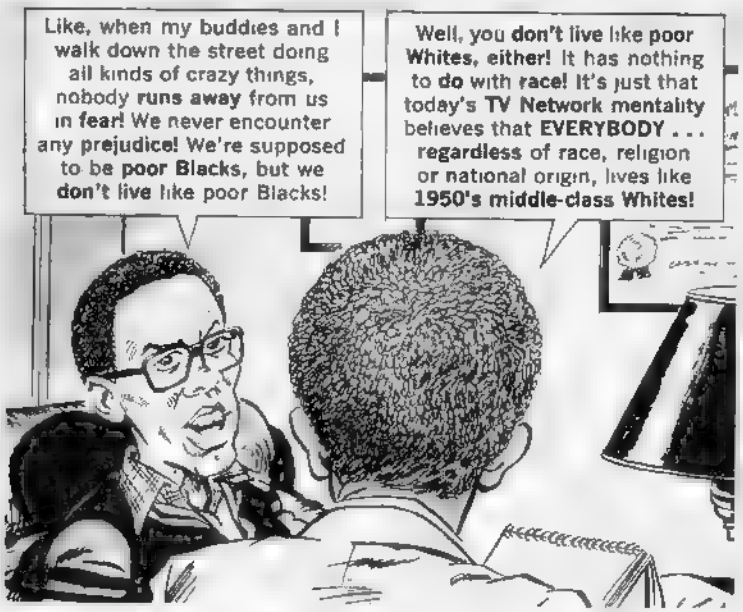
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

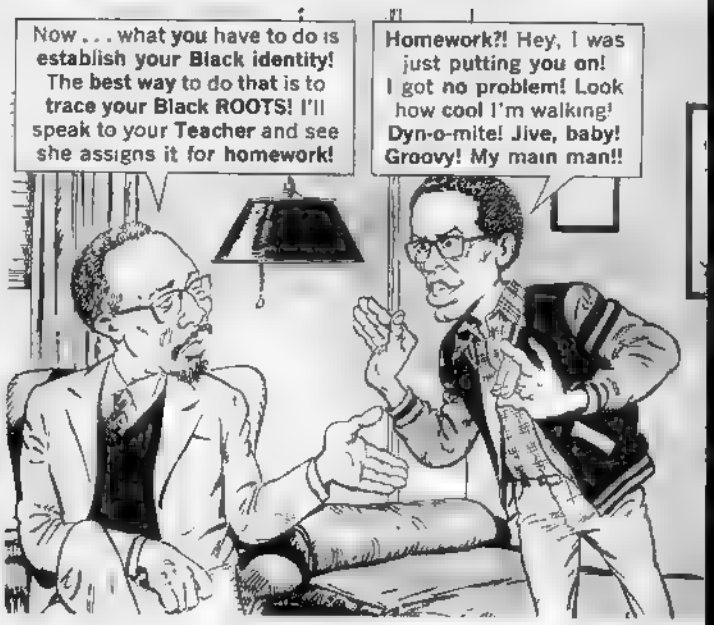
Draine, I got a serious problem! I got to talk . . .
You got a problem?! How about ME?! I don't know which chick to take to the school dance Saturday night! Bonnie's the best dancer, but Debbie's father owns a car! Chris is the prettiest, but Laura helps me with my homework!
40¢
You two think YOU got problems! Look at THAT . . .
Rerunt, why are you dancing?
'Cause I hear music!
What music?!? The juke box is busted!!
The sound of French fries, sizzling in oil! That's music to MY ears!!
C'mon, kids, it's time to hit your books . . . !
Hey, hey, hey . . . all right! Let's GO!
She means it's time to STUDY them, Rerunt— not EAT them!
Rerunt, how come you're so anxious to do your homework?
Because homework requires energy, energy requires nutrition, and nutrition means FOOD!!
Yeah, only everything you do means food!
You can't expect a person to think on an empty stomach!
Man, YOUR stomach is never empty! That's where your brains are!
Come to think of it, that's nearly empty!!
Rerunt, what are you doing here so early in the morning . . . ? !
Glugh, mmmpf, shlogh!
Don't talk with your mouth full! It isn't polite!
He can't help it, Mamma. His mouth is always full!
What I'm doing is eating Rahs' breakfast!
I can see that! WHY are you eating his breakfast?
'Cause I'm hungry!
Where IS Rahs . . . ?
He went to school early to see the Psychologist about his problem! I'm not supposed to mention it, but I'm a fink!
WHAT problem?!? We live in a nice house in a decent neighborhood! He eats good food, wears good clothes and goes to a good school!
That's his problem! He doesn't think he's Black!

Let him try to go to church in Plains, Georgia! THEN, he'll find out!
It's probably nothing to worry about! It's just an identity crisis that teenage boys go through during puberty! Right, Rerunt??
I don't know! I flunked puberty!

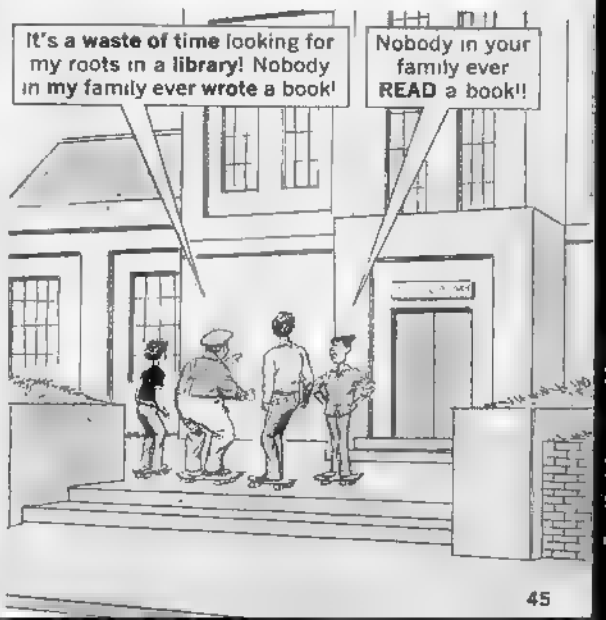

Tell me, Rahs what's troubling you . . . ?
I have this hang-up! I'm not sure I'm Black!
You don't need a Psychologist! You need an Eye Doctor!


What color is this apple?
I'm not color blind! It's just that nobody I know ACTS Black! Nobody talks funky, or walks cool! Fonzie acts more Black than we do, and he's White!!


Like, when my buddies and I walk down the street doing all kinds of crazy things, nobody runs away from us in fear! We never encounter any prejudice! We're supposed to be poor Blacks, but we don't live like poor Blacks!
Well, you don't live like poor Whites, either! It has nothing to do with race! It's just that today's TV Network mentality believes that EVERYBODY . . . regardless of race, religion or national origin, lives like 1950's middle-class Whites!


Now . . . what you have to do is establish your Black identity! The best way to do that is to trace your Black ROOTS! I'll speak to your Teacher and see she assigns it for homework!
Homework?! Hey, I was just putting you on! I got no problem! Look how cool I'm walking! Dyn-o-mite! Jive, baby! Groovy! My main man!!

On account of you, we got extra homework, Rahs! You got a big mouth!
Oh, yeah! I'll go along with that!
I'm sorry . . . but I have to find out where I came from!
I think it's time we had a little talk! I'll explain the facts of life to you!
I know that stuff! I'm talking about ROOTS!
Will you explain them to ME?! I flunked SEX Education!


It's a waste of time looking for my roots in a library! Nobody in my family ever wrote a book!
Nobody in your family ever READ a book!!

We'd like to get some information about our ancestral roots?

The Geneology Department is up on the second floor!

Is that near the cafeteria?

We don't serve food here!

No food?! Not even a candy or soda machine?! That's un-American!

These books are no help! They're all about slaves, and Africa, and stuff! That's got nothing to do with US!

Man, if you're a Nigger . . . those are your roots! And YOU DUDES are too DARK to pass for HONKIES!

Who said that . . . ?!

I did! My name is Richard Priority!

You watch your mouth, Mr. Priority! We don't use nasty words like that on our show!

Which is one reason why we're still on, while YOU'RE cancelled!

ROOTS

That dumb library was no help in tracing our roots!

Now my homework's not done . . . and I'm gonna flunk—sob—and Mama will stop my allowance!

Mine, too . . . ! !

Hmmmm! If Rerunt's allowance is stopped, I'll go bankrupt!

Follow me, guys! I'll show you your REAL roots!

How come we're going down into the cellar? Are we descended from groundhogs?

YOU'RE descended from some kind of hog, THAT'S for sure!

CLICK

Now this is where you will find your roots!

That's nothing but a stack of "TV Guides"!

See what's on the Late Movie tonight!

These are OLD "TV Guides"! Now you can find out where you really came from!

This lady was one of the very first Blacks to star in a TV show! The show was called, "Beulah", and she played a "domestic" . . .

That figures!

Rerunt, I see where you get YOUR roots!

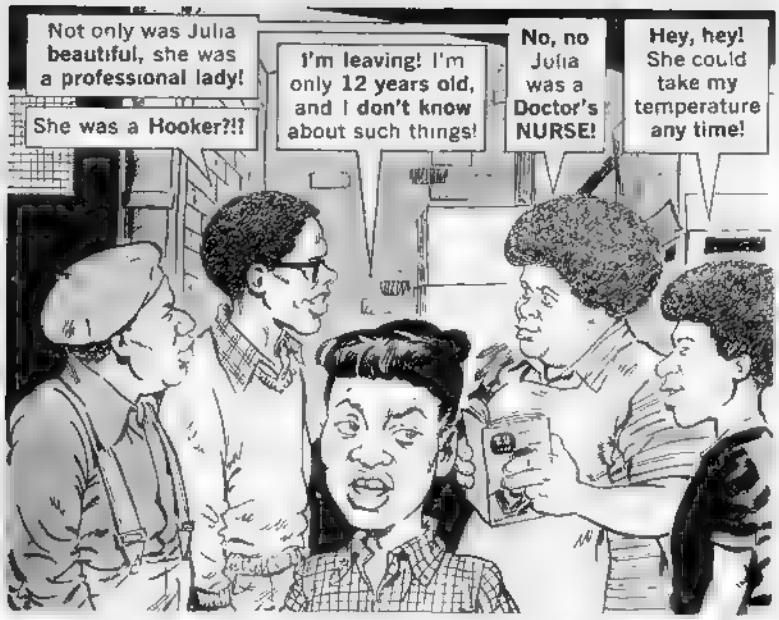
Beulah

The next big Black sit-com was "Julia"!

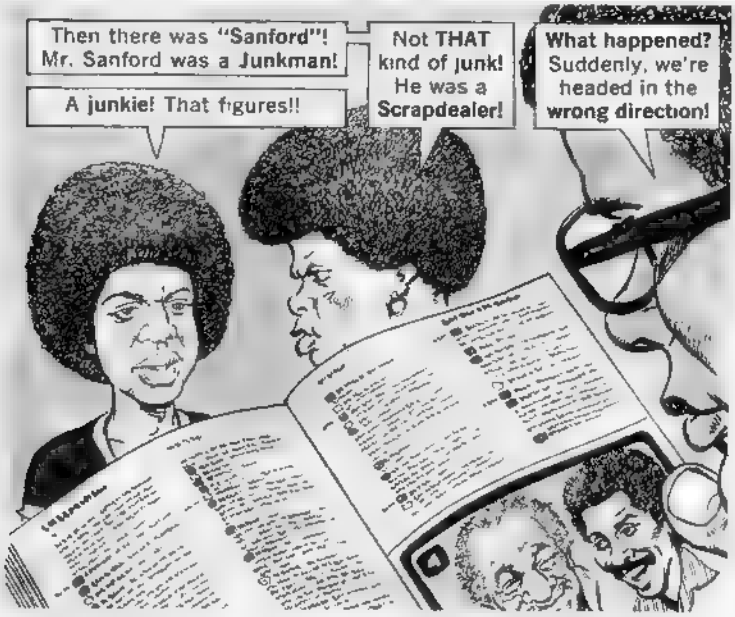
Hey . . . hey . . . hey! All right!

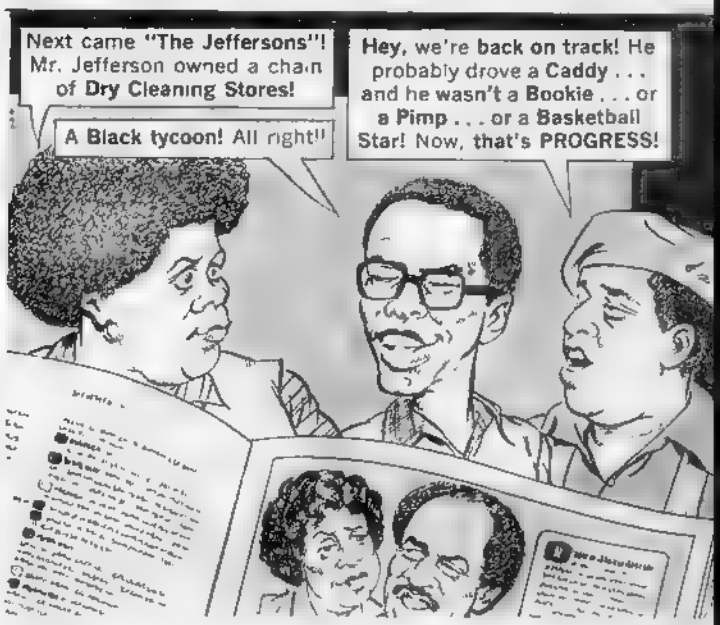
Well, I found MY roots!

JULIA


Not only was Julia beautiful, she was a professional lady!
She was a Hooker?!!
I'm leaving! I'm only 12 years old, and I don't know about such things!
No, no Julia was a Doctor's NURSE!
Hey, hey! She could take my temperature any time!

Next came "Geraldine"!
Yech! Forget it! Let's go back to "Julia"!!
Geraldine was actua ly Flip Wilson in DRAG!
Just what we needed! A Black Rene Richards!


Then there was "Sanford"! Mr. Sanford was a Junkman!
A junkie! That figures!!
Not THAT kind of junk! He was a Scrapdealer!
What happened? Suddenly, we're headed in the wrong direction!

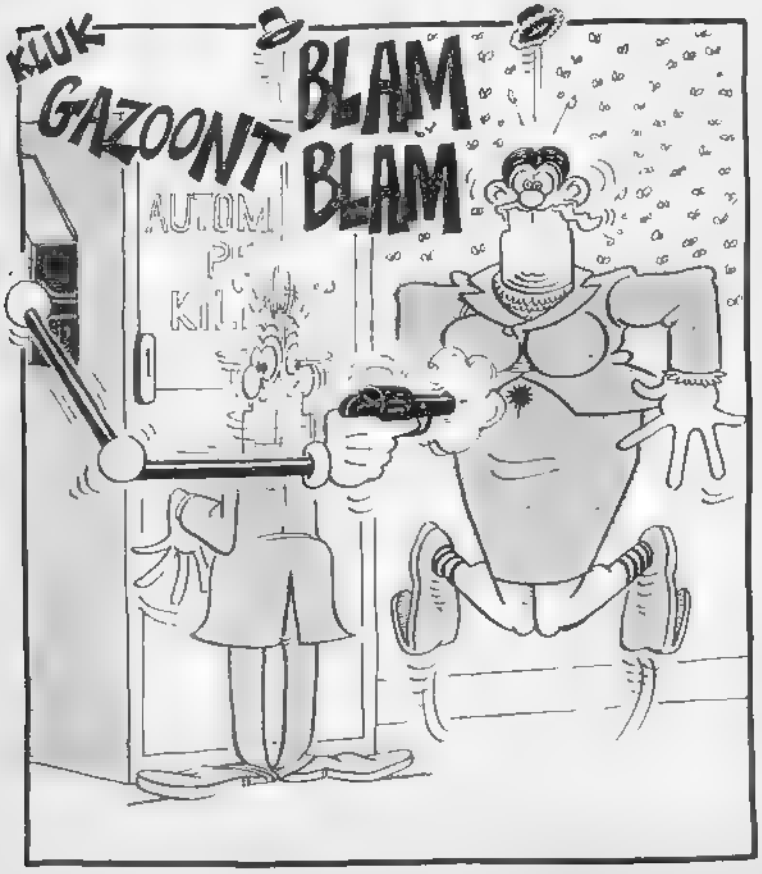

Next came "The Jeffersons"! Mr. Jefferson owned a chain of Dry Cleaning Stores!
A Black tycoon! All right!!
Hey, we're back on track! He probably drove a Caddy . . . and he wasn't a Bookie . . . or a Pimp . . . or a Basketball Star! Now, that's PROGRESS!

Big deal! That was all very interesting, but we really haven't made THAT much progress!
How can you say that?! The FIRST Black TV show was about an overweight domestic—
. . and NOW . . .
Hi . . . !

See what I mean?
Well, we've made SOME progress! At least Mama doesn't do windows!
THAT oldie again! We haven't made much progress in the Humor Department, either!

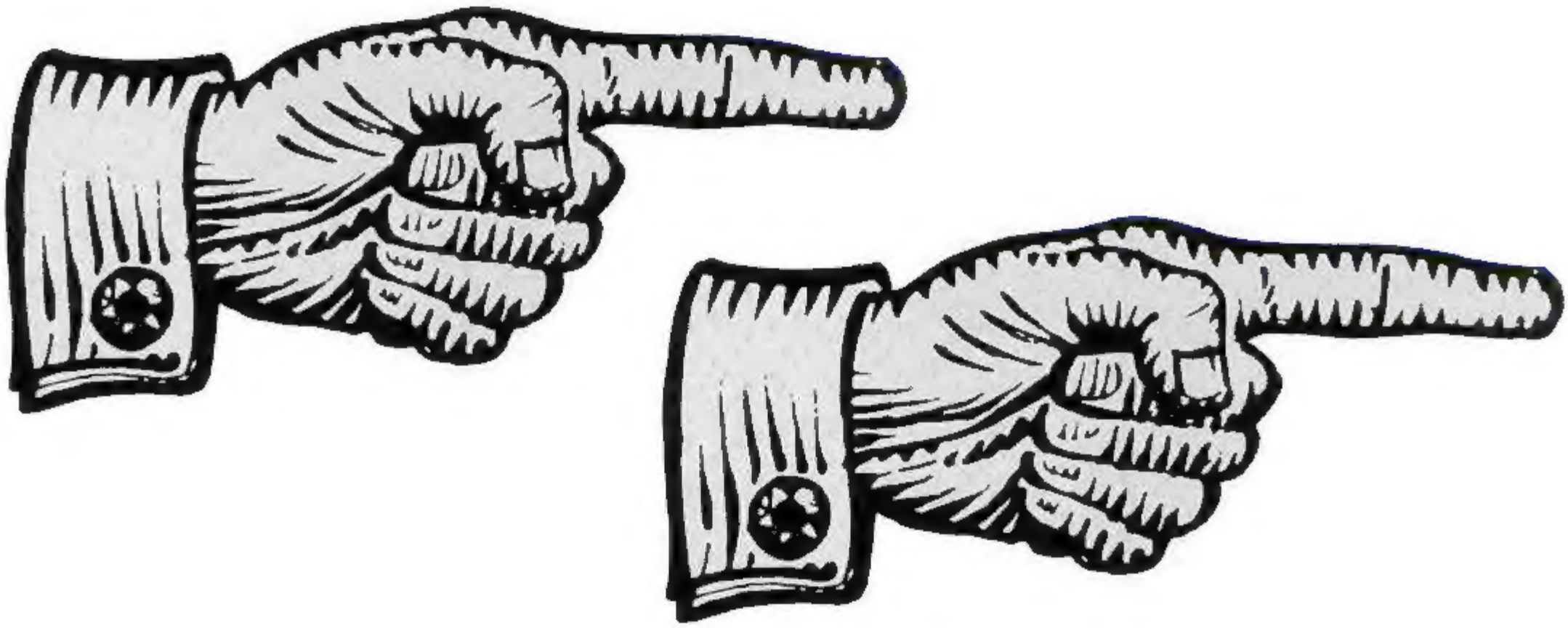
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE EVENING IN A BUS STATION



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHERE ARE SOME VERY SUCCESSFUL ACTORS COMING FROM LATELY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Actors come from a variety of places, such as neighborhood theaters, summer stock, local TV, repertory companies, etc. But lately, actors are coming from a really unique place. To find out what that place is, fold in page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THESPIANS TODAY ARE PLAYING EVERYTHING...FROM MACBETH TO LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE. WHEN SPOTLIGHTS SHINE SHOW FOLKS WORK TIRELESSLY UNTIL THEY REACH THE TOP

A▸ ◂B

WHERE ARE SOME VERY SUCCESSFUL ACTORS COMING FROM LATELY?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE MACHINE SHOP

A▶◀B

ONE NIGHT IN THE CITY

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: AL JAFFEE